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WITNESSES TO THE TRUTH.

WITNESSES TO THE TRUTH:

CONTAINING

PASSAGES

FROM

DISTINGUISHED AUTHORS,

DEVELOPING THE

GREAT TRUTH OF UNIVERSAL SALVATION:

WITH

AN APPENDIX,

EXHIBITING THE ENORMITY OF THE DOCTRINE OF ENDLESS MISERY.

BY J. W. HANSON.

"OUT OF THE STRONG CAME FORTH SWEETNESS."—JUDGES XIV. 14.

BOSTON:
JAMES M. USHER.
1854.

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PREFACE.

The pages of this book result from the reading of one whose opportunities have not been the best. His own library is small, and his ability to obtain access to others, where he might have found much more material, has been limited. Still, he thinks the plan of his book, and the material therein, will be acknowledged both unique and valuable. The pearls of thought are precious, though strung on a coarse string.

The reader is presented with segregations from many authors—some of them of the very highest order of genius—which develop the grand idea of a final and universal destruction of evil, and the triumph of Goodness and Happiness. It is believed that those whose thoughts have not been particularly turned in this

direction, will be surprised at the number and wealth of the quotations herein contained.

He trusts his book will be useful to many classes: the Advocates of a World's Salvation will find it a *vade mecum* of quotations; the believers therein will be renewedly encouraged as they see that the capacious heart and large brain of inspired genius are with them; adherents to error will discover that the Gospel in its fulness is not confined to a modern sect alone; literary men will learn that their exalted brethren have transcended the narrow boundaries of partial systems of error; and all will see how sure are the children of genius to accord in sentiment with the children of a higher inspiration, when they give the voices within free utterance; and thus, that the highest notes of such as COLERIDGE, SOUTHEY, BYRON, THOMSON, and BARBAULD, are in harmony with those of ISAIAH JOHN, DAVID, PAUL, and that OTHER, "who spake as man never spake." . .

Extracts are not made from authors professedly Universalist, nor from theologians in other sects who have proclaimed the doctrine, unless they have possessed a literary character outside of their theological circle. It would be easy to fill volumes of most eloquent poe-

try and prose written by such, among whom our own writers would not be least. Such, however, do not come within the scope of this work. The prose of WINCHESTER, MURRAY, BALLOU, BALFOUR, STREETER, KING, CHAPIN, THAYER, SAWYER, WILLIAMSON, MAYO, and others quite their equals, and the poetry of Mrs. MAYO, JERAULD, SAWYER, LIVERMORE, or of THOMAS, GREENWOOD, LEE, BALLOU, and others,—the prose and poetry inspired by our belief in the hearts of its receivers,—would fill volumes with eloquence resembling the burning songs of ISAIAH, and the rapt rhetoric of PAUL. The object is, to quote from literary persons only, and to give what may be called the language of genius.

The compiler has been referred to CHAUNCEY HARE TOWNSHEND, HERDER, Mrs. L. M. CHILD, HENRY GILES, MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI, and others, for further extracts. He has not yet found more authors than he here presents. He would be under obligations to any for further references, and meanwhile he would confess his indebtedness for some of the contents of this volume to Revs. VARNUM LINCOLN, GILES BAILEY, T. B. THAYER, H. C. LEONARD, and ROBERT BLACKER, and to the *Ladies' Repository*, *Trumpet*, *Universalist Union*, and *Gospel Banner*.

The following pages are not regarded as authorities, but as confirmations of the interpretations placed on Christianity by those who believe that God is a Universal Father, and that all men are brethren, destined to a Common Salvation.

IT IS DEDICATED TO

The Household of Faith.

Gardiner, Me., 1853.

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WITNESSES

TO

THE TRUTH.

THE glorious idea of the final salvation of Universal Man, has kindled the pages of literature since it was first fully developed by Him, who, in the purposes of Deity, is the destined agent of its accomplishment. From the year 120, down to the dawn of the Reformation, it was never wholly extinct, though, owing to the baleful influence of Heathenism, the shrines of Christianity were for centuries burning with the lurid fires of endless sin and wrath, almost exclusively. The proudest names in the earliest annals of Christianity, claimed now by both Catholics and Protestants, announced the doctrine, and received no condemnation therefor. The Basilidian, Carpocratian, and Valentinian sects, (120—130) Sybilline Oracles, (150) and CLEMENS ALEXANDRINUS, (190—217) who was the most eminent from the Apostles down to his own time, all were Universalists, nor is there a word

of opposition to their opinions found in any manuscript of their times. The first announcement of endless misery is not older than about A. D. 200, when TERTULLIAN declared the sentiment; but even he does not condemn the opposite truth.

The ripest scholar, the profoundest intellect, the ablest controversialist, and one of the holiest saints the Church has ever had in its shining ranks — ORIGEN ADAMANTIUS * — (185—253) was distinguished for his constant advocacy of this necessary result of the Divine Attributes. After him came the distinguished names of GREGORY THAUMATURGUS, (240) TITUS, of Bostra, (360) BASIL the Great, (370) GREGORY NYSSEN, (370) DIDYMUS the Blind, JEROME, DIODORUS of Tarsus, and others, from 370—390. It was not until A. D. 394, that the first word was written condemning the doctrine as heresy. Previously, it was held by a portion of the church, while its opposite was believed by others, and, at some periods of the first four centuries after Christ, it was the orthodox, or popular doctrine. Its written declaration dates back of the first annunciation of the cruel sentiment now so rife.

When Heathenism and Christianity had be-

*Ballou's History of Universalism—to which we are indebted for these facts.

gotten their hybrid daughter, Catholicism, Endless Evil became an essential to orthodoxy, and, accordingly, the Fifth General Council, in A. D. 553, pronounced the "faith once delivered to the saints" a damnable heresy. This condemnation was repeated by the Councils which assembled in 649, 680, 787, and 869, proving, that though not popular, it still was in existence. A few of those who denied the Popish error, were JOHN SCOTUS ERIGENA, the greatest scholar and genius of the Ninth Century, RAYNOLD, Abbot of St. Martin, (1190) SALOMON, Bishop of Bassorah, (1222) the German Stadlings, (1230—4) many of the Lollards (1315) people in Canterbury, (1368) Men of Understanding in Flanders, (1400—12) JOHN PICUS, Earl of Mirandola, (1480—94) and PETER D'ARANDA, (1490—8.)

Never has the sublime fact, that Sin, and all its ruinous consequences will finally be ended, been lost sight of, since it was announced by Jesus, and written by Paul, though it was nearly so during the gloomiest periods of the world's history. In the Dark Ages, when Truth and Learning were eclipsed, and Error and Ignorance reigned, its opposite bore almost exclusive sway, and the persecution, and barbarism, and frightful multitude of horrors which then swarmed throughout the world, were natural consequences. The condition of the church during those

perilous times, compared with its triumphal career, during the first four centuries, when Pagan and Jewish errors were scattered by the good news of the Gospel, gives us notable proof of the power of the truth, that "God is in Christ, reconciling a world unto Himself," to win souls from darkness unto light. With comparatively few exceptions, but those generally brilliant ones, the Church entered the gloom of the great night of the Dark Ages, led by the all-engrossing falsehood, that God would hate and curse forever those who would not serve Him on earth.

Could the Past open its inexorable doors, — could the sainted martyrs pass in array before us, how many thousands, who have entered Heaven through baptismal fires, from the cross and the scaffold, and by the dark doors of dungeons and gloomy cells, would be seen to have gone with the assurance of a Universal Heaven, — and how many of them should we hear say that they "labored, and suffered reproach," and perished at last, "because they trusted in the Living God as the Saviour of all men, especially of those that believe."

With the dawn of the Reformation, this central orb in the Gospel system began to shed its light into the hearts of men, and it has promoted intelligence and human progress, in the exact ratio of its reception. So true is this, that we

may say, given, the prevalence of this truth, the liberality, and enlightenment, and real advancement of the human mind is ascertained. It has continued, until it seems, like the leaven hidden in the measures of meal, to be rapidly elevating the character of the world.

Were this the proper place, the extent of this sentiment among the sects would be shown. But we can only point out a few of the most eminent names of those, who, educated and surrounded by the heathen error, have repudiated it, and embraced the truth. As preliminary to the body of this little work, it is necessary only to speak of a few of those in most of the sects.

The entire body, almost, of German divines, has ever denied endless punishment. Even Luther said, "How it may be with those, who, in the New Testament are condemned, I say nothing *certain*, — I leave it undecided." And before the doctrine had prevailed much among the English, Germany produced the Universalist writings of SONNER, DENK, HETZER, PETERSEN, WOELNER, SEEBACH, EBERHARD, and STEINBART. There are 1600 Universalists out of the 1800 Protestant clergymen in Germany, and among them are NEANDER, BALANTINE, CREDNER, NITZECH, JULIUS MULLER, ULLMANN, BLEEK, the great SCHLEIERMACHER,

and others. Universalism is *Evangelical* in Germany.

The Episcopal Church has been quickened by it. Once it had a creed consisting of forty-two articles, one of which condemned Universalism; now it has thirty-nine, and the one condemning the truth is omitted. When we see to what an extent the truth has prevailed in that church, the reason of the omission will be evident. Besides the eminent men of letters hereafter quoted, the following have either rejected the dogma of an endless hell, or embraced Universalism: Dr. HENRY MORE, Archbishop TILLOTSON, Dr. THOMAS BURNET, JOHN HEY, Divinity Professor at Cambridge, Eng., Bishop WARBURTON, Bishop HURD, Rev. THOMAS BROUGHTON, Bishop T. NEWTON, Dr. JOHN TAYLOR, JAMES BROWN, D.D., Rev. FRANCIS LEICESTER, Bishop RUST, Rev. RICHARD CLARKE, Charleston, S. C., Rev. JOHN TYLER, Norwich, Conn., Dr. DUCHER, Philadelphia, WILLIAM WHISTON, Dr. WM. PALEY, Dr. SAMUEL CLARKE, and Sir ISAAC NEWTON. It would be difficult to match these names with an equal number as excellent. How many more have held our faith in secret reserve can never be known. "The time will come (says Dr. THOMAS BURNET,) when this doctrine, which is now whispered in the ear, may be proclaimed upon the house-tops; but that time is not yet."

The most eminent Episcopalian this country has produced, was Dr. Wm. Smith, founder and principal of the University of Pennsylvania. He reorganized the Episcopal Church in America, after the separation between it and that of England, and recast the Prayer Book and Articles, and was author of the Proposed Liturgy, published in 1785. He printed two volumes of sermons, several of which divulged Universalism, and they were at one time recommended to divinity students, by the unanimous vote of the bishops, clergy and laity, of the Episcopal General Convention. He also gave the service of the church a Universalist character, and it was unanimously adopted in his form, though the church afterwards returned to the old book. There have been and are thousands in this church who reject the doctrine of an endless hell, secretly or openly, with entire disgust. The English Unitarians have been nearly unanimous in declaring the temporal duration of punishment. Eminent as defenders of the "faith everywhere spoken against" may be mentioned Thomas Belsham, Lant Carpenter, Aspland, W. J. Fox, Fenwick, Rochemont Barbauld, husband of Anna Laetitia, Dr. Aiken her brother, Dr. Estlin, and Theophilus Lindsey.* The American Unitarians rarely express an opposite sentiment,

*Whittemore's Mod. Hist. Univ., Trumpet, &c.

and most of them believe in the final triumph of holiness in all hearts.

Though the Congregationalists are not frequently found straying from the savage creed of EDWARDS, yet Dr. JONATHAN MAYHEW did this, and Rev. Dr. DAVIDSON, President of the Congregational College in Lancashire, seceded from the Evangelical Alliance, and gave the following, among other reasons:—"It is not difficult to foretell the reception which the clause relating to the *everlasting punishment* of the wicked will meet with among a number of *thinking men* in this country. I *know* men, *of whose Christianity there can be*, in my opinion, *no doubt*, who hesitate about receiving the doctrine of *punishment literally eternal*. I believe, too, there are *many highly intelligent Christians all over England*, both *ministers* and *laymen*, who are either *averse* to the doctrine, or have not at least sufficiently studied it, so as to be prepared to *subscribe* it.'

The Methodist creed contains among its many points of belief no word *in favor* of Endless Misery. Dr. ADAM CLARKE and JOHN WESLEY have uttered many fine sentiments, which have been construed into a belief in universal salvation, but it was where the fine instincts of their moral natures uttered their divine voices. Had they listened to them, they would have been

wiser. Indeed, the great error of theologians has been, if they have not listened too much to Tradition and Intellect, that they have given too little heed to the moral instincts, which rarely err. What they have said when the old creed was forgotten, tells us where all men would be if they could but listen to that sacred oracle which God has stationed in every soul. Belief is a cold intellectuality, while faith is radiated from the depths of the moral nature.

Other great names have found rest in this hope. Dr. JORTIN, the distinguished scholar; JEREMY WHITE, the chaplain of OLIVER CROMWELL; OBERLIN, the sainted philanthropist; COQUEREL, the patriot and Christian; SEIGVOLK, PETIT-PIERRE, SOUTHWOOD SMITH, CHEYNE, CHEVALIER RAMSAY, PETERSEN, LE CLERC, JAMES NECKER, the financier of France; LETSONE, GEO. WALKER, Dr. KIPPS, ROBERT ROBINSON, RICHARD COFFIN, EARBURY, WISTANLEY, many of the Albigenses and Waldenses, and thousands of less distinguished, though ardent defenders of the great truth, have rejoiced to follow it through good and evil report.

At the time JOHN MURRAY began to evangelize the western continent, he found many ready to receive the good seed. Generals GREENE, VARNUM, and others of the Revolutionary heroes accepted it, and when the hated heretic was

appointed chaplain of the Rhode Island regiment, though all of the chaplains united in a petition for his removal, and though the religious people of the time abhorred the doctrines he professed, yet GEORGE WASHINGTON confirmed Mr. MURRAY in his office. It is not supposable that he would have done this, had he not sympathized with the generous views of the apostle of our faith.

Every sect has transcended its creed — thousands in all communions have gone beyond the narrow limits of all forms of Partialism, and have openly advocated punishment for the good of the punished — the triumph of Truth and Goodness, and Heaven at last for all, while infinitely more have nourished the glorious hope in secret, as fire shut up in the bones.

The foregoing names and authorities relate to men distinguished as theologians or patriots. But the principal object of this volume is to develop the progress of this great idea in Literature. It runs like a thread of gold through the belles lettres of the English language. The best of our poetry and prose is embroidered with it, and, in proportion as authors have won positions in human affections, they have done it by illustrating the spirit of our faith. Though SHAKSPEARE seems never to have announced the *definite* idea of our religion, who will deny that

his apostrophe to Mercy is animated by the soul of Universalism, or that SHYLOCK, whom he hated, and mankind execrates, is a faint miniature of the Partialist's God? As the spirit of our religion is exhibited by an author, in the same ratio is he admired by mankind.

And, while we would not quote the words of any genius as authority, does it not become us to listen attentively to what the gifted ones of our race have said and sung? And are not the words of BYRON, and MOORE, and AKENSIDE, and HUNT, and COLERIDGE, and LAMB, entitled to as much consideration as those of any Christian Father? With intellects as large, and hearts infinitely larger — and thus better developed men — are they not more entitled to claim authoritative positions, than AUGUSTINE, TERTULLIAN, or even CHRYSOSTOM?

We often adduce concessions from theologians, and think we have gained something worth our while, if they speak in behalf of our faith. But what did the dark EDWARDS, surrounded by CALVIN and AUGUSTIN, understand of the prophetic aspirations and longings of the human soul? Their gloomy Theology has silenced the voices in the human breast. Let them expound Calvin's Institutes, or explain and prove, if they will, or can, the points of Augustinism; but for the feelings of the human soul, and for a knowl-

edge of its desires, which we are assured shall be granted, I do not go to the men who burn and persecute their fellows, but to those who have cultivated the gentle affections, and who, although they care not to prove a dogma, logically, can speak prophetically from the depth of the spirit. If I must have my path illuminated by other men, do not refer me to Andover or Geneva, but to those great lights, which, though dimmed by misfortune, and peradventure by sin, yet shine with an effulgence transcending all that comes to us from the dim orbs of Theology.

The free heart and intellect of the poet and child of genius will speak more truly, and their voices are entitled to more attention, than those of any narrow sectarian, who has "given up to party what was meant for mankind." They have at least given free and full scope to the aspirations and longings of the soul; which the latter have rarely done, and, though sometimes they have been classed with scoffers, it may have been, not because of their disregard of God and religion, but because they have hated the foul deformities christened as such. SHELLEY was no infidel — he hated the demon the church called God, and the blasphemy it styled religion. BYRON would have been a better man, had he fully seen the glorious truth, occasionally and partially revealed to his soul. Infidelity would

have been a phenomenon of rare occurrence, had Christian Truth been fully presented, instead of those gross perversions, at which every intellect revolts, and which every good heart loaths, and that in proportion to their faithful representation.

Did our limits permit, it would be a most instructive lesson to show at length the character of error described by its votaries. We might present the foul aspersions of POLLOK, the slanders of TRAPPE, the blasphemies of EDWARDS, and the ravings of those who have given to "airy nothings a local habitation and a name," until, as we blend the terrible chorus of unsanctified voices, we might fear that Pandemonium was indeed let loose, and all that the wildest brain ever imagined, was true. Presented here, in contrast with the sublime passages which follow, it would indeed seem like "Heavenly music, and shrieks from Hell!" This we cannot do.* We shall show what tidings have been brought by those who have caught brightest glimpses of the land of Truth, and whose hearts and intellects have been most intimately attuned to the harmonies of the universe. Their words are true to our exalted nature, and originating in its profoundest depths, each one "speaks as one having authority, and not as the Scribes." Not only will the reader find testimonies the most abundant and

*This Dr. Sawyer has done, and his quotations show that error, like vice, "to be hated, needs but to be seen."

eminent, showing that our religion has been cherished to a remarkable extent by the gifted, but he will find it stated by them in such accents as will waken most delightful responses in his own breast, instead of those pangs which the stinging words of errorists awaken.

It is admitted that poets and other distinguished authors have expressed opposite sentiments, in accordance with erroneous education, and the force of tradition. But wherever these have been disregarded, as they always should be, the untramelled heart and expanded intellect have united in endorsing the Gospel Idea.

Gradually, the great truth that sin and suffering will finally be destroyed, and Universal Holiness ultimately prevail, will win its way, until it shall not have an opponent in the Human Famly. Already it has softened the asperities of most creeds, liberalized every sect, — vitalized every moral movement in Christendom, permeated literature, and law, and human institutions, and numbered in its ranks a shining array of glorious names, besides its wonderful progress in winning open advocates and hearty adherents, and thus promoting cheerful views of life and death, and a willing worship. The large body of Unitarians in Great Britain, the number of those who openly profess the doctrine on Calvinistic grounds, the most of the German Christians,

a large number of the Unitarian church in America, our own distinct denomination, and that great company included in other denominations, according to JOHN FOSTER and others, especially in the Episcopal church, who deride the idea of Endless Misery, making more, it is believed, numerically, morally and intellectually, than can be found against the sentiment; all assure us with voices not to be contradicted, that this plant shall grow till it fills the earth, and that the leaves of the tree shall yet heal the nations.

The first passage we present is from

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

The following extract of a letter from the sage who

'Snatched fire from heaven, and the sceptre from tyrants,'

was addressed to Rev. Geo. Whitfield, and was communicated to me by the Rev. VARNUM LINCOLN, of Andover, Mass. It will be seen that he cherished the Christian's hope.

"You will see, in this, my notion of good works, that I am far from expecting to merit Heaven by them. By Heaven we understand a state of happiness infinite in degree, and eternal in duration. I can do nothing to deserve such a reward. He *that for giving a draught of water*

to a thirsty person should expect to be paid with a good plantation, would be modest in his demands compared with those who think they deserve Heaven for the little good they do on earth. For my part, I have not the vanity to think I deserve it, the folly to expect it, or the ambition to desire it, but content myself in submitting myself to the disposal of that God who made me, who has hitherto preserved and blessed me, and in whose fatherly goodness I may well confide that he will never make me *miserable*, and that the *affliction I may* AT ANY TIME SUFFER MAY TEND TO MY BENEFIT."

His daughter, at whose house he died, tells us that Franklin thought "*no system in the Christian world was so well calculated to promote the interests of society*, as *the doctrine which showed a God reconciling a lapsed world unto himself.*" —See *New Monthly Magazine—and Mirror*, vol. ix. p. 208.

"Our friend and we were invited abroad on a party of pleasure which is to last forever. His chair was ready first; and he is gone before us. We could not all conveniently start together, and why should you and I be grieved at this; since we are soon to follow, and *know where to find him?*"—*Franklin on the Death of his Brother.*

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

Eminent as a philosopher, a metaphysician, and a poet, COLERIDGE never assented to the portrait of Him, whom in derision he called

"That Deity, *Accomplice* Deity,'

who,

'In the fierce jealousy of wakened wrath
Will go forth with *our* armies, and *our* fleets,
To scatter the red ruin on their foes.
O blasphemy! to mingle fiendish deeds
With blessedness.'

His soul was cheered with the sublime thought:

'There is one Mind, one omnipresent mind,
Omnific. His most holy name is Love.
Truth of subliming import! with the which
Who feeds and saturates his constant soul,
He from his small, particular orbit flies
With bless'd outstarting. From Himself he flies,
Stands in the Sun, and with no partial gaze
Views all creation; and he loves it all,
And blesses it, and calls it very good!
This is indeed to dwell with the Most High!
Cherubs and rapture-trembling seraphim
Can pass no nearer to the Almighty Throne.
'Tis the sublime of man,
Our noontide majesty, to know ourselves
Parts and proportions of one wondrous whole!
This fraternizes man, this constitutes
Our charities and bearings. But 'tis God
Diffused through all, that doth make all one whole.'

He expresses the same idea in other words:

'He prayeth well, who loveth well,
Both man, and bird, and beast.'

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things, both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.'

It was the confidence caused by such thoughts that enabled him to pen the most beautiful description of silent prayer that ever was written:

'Ere on my bed my limbs I lay,
It hath not been my use to pray
With moving lips, or bended knees;
But silently, by slow degrees,
My spirit I to love compose,
In humble trust mine eyelids close,
With reverential resignation,
No wish conceived, no thought express'd!
Only a *sense* of supplication,
A sense o'er all my soul impress'd
That I am weak, yet not unblest,
Since in me, round me, everywhere,
Eternal Strength and Wisdom are.'

'Believe thou, O my soul,
Life is a vision shadowy of truth:
And *vice, and anguish, and the wormy grave,*
Shapes of a dream. The veiling clouds retire,
And lo! the *Throne of the Redeeming God,*
Forth flashing unimaginable day,
Wraps in one blaze, EARTH, HEAVEN, AND DEEPEST HELL!'

Under the head of ROBERT SOUTHEY may be found a proper description of Calvinism, in some comments by Southey, on a letter from Whitfield to Wesley. It seems that Southey had apologized for Wesley's theory of Endless Misery, and

Coleridge, that deepest, subtlest, most wonderful mind England saw for a century, replied as follows:

'Dear and honored Southey! All this is very plausible; the picture is frightful, and a *recoil* is at first inevitable by any sane mind. *But what have you to substitute?* or, rather, *what had Wesley*, who still believed in everlasting (that is; *endless*) torments? for so he understood the word eternal. I boldly answer, and appeal to Taylor's letters on original sin, *a mere paltry evasion; a quibble*, (and one that is quite absurd when applied to an omniscience and omnipotence perpetually creative,) *between decreeing and permitting*. If *any* one, it should be a Spanish theologian to treat on this subject; for the Spaniards only combine depth with subtlety. I feel and I think as *you* do, Southey! How could it be otherwise? In this only I differ, that the controversy is between Whitfield and Wesley, and men like *them*. And it is not fair to take the question abstractedly from the total creed of both parties. *Not* simply, what *is* there in reprobation so horrible? To this you have returned the fit answer. *But what is there in it that Mr. Wesley could with consistency affect horror at?* Let him turn the broad road round *before it comes to the everlasting fire lake*, and THEN he may reprobate reprobation as loudly as he lists.* Till then, *fuvete linguæ*."

* *ed est*, permitting and foreordaining are logically the same.

THOMAS MOORE.

The Bard of Erin has recorded his name in the annals of our Faith. In giving expression to the longings of the soul, his ideal of the beautiful, the holy, the perfect, was realized in the truth of God's eternal goodness, and man's consequent redemption; and those truths are found scattered like orbs of light through his poetical firmament. In his Epicurean, perhaps the most eloquent prose-poem in the language, he says:

"Passing, then, in review, the long train of inspired interpreters whose pens and whose tongues were made the echoes of the divine voice, he traced through the events of successive ages, the gradual unfolding of the dark scheme of Providence — *darkness without*; *but all light and glory within.* The glimpses of a coming redemption, visible even through the wrath of Heaven; the long series of prophecy through which this hope runs, burning and alive, like a spark along a chain; — the slow and merciful preparation of the hearts of mankind for the great trial of their faith and obedience that was at hand, not only by miracles that appealed to the living, but by prophecies launched into the future to carry conviction to the yet unborn; '*through all these glorious and beneficent gradations we may track,*' said he, '*the manifest footsteps of a Creator, advancing to* HIS GRAND ULTIMATE END, THE SALVATION OF HIS CREATURES."

Here is another passage:

"'Such,' continued the Hermit, 'was the Mediator, promised through all time, to 'make reconciliation for iniquity,' to change death into life, and bring 'healing on his wings' to a darkened world. Such was the last crowning dispensation of that God of benevolence, *in whose hands sin and death are but instruments of everlasting good, and who bringing all things* 'out of darkness into his marvellous light,' proceeds watchfully and unchangingly to *the great, final object of his providence, the restoration of the whole human race to purity and happiness!*'"

In the appendix to the work is the following note:

"'*The restoration of the whole human race to purity and happiness.*' *This benevolent doctrine—which not only goes far to solve the great problem of moral and physical evil, but which would, if received more generally,* TEND TO SOFTEN THE SPIRIT OF UNCHARITABLENESS, SO FATALLY PREVALENT AMONG CHRISTIAN SECTS — was maintained by that great light of the early Church, Origen, and has not wanted supporters among more modern Theologians. That Tillotson was inclined to the opinion, appears from his sermon, preached before the queen. Paley is supposed to have held the same amiable doctrine; and Newton (the author of the work on Prophecies) is also among the supporters of it. For a full account of the arguments in favor of this opinion, derived both from reason, and the express language of Scripture, see *Dr. Southwood*

Smith's very interesting work, 'On the Divine Government.' See, also, *Magee on Atonement*, where the doctrine of the advocates of Universal Restoration is thus briefly, and, I *believe, fairly explained :* 'Beginning with the existence of an infinitely powerful, wise, and good Being, as the first and fundamental principle of rational religion, they pronounce the essence of this Being to be love, and from this infer, as a demonstrable consequence, that none of the creatures, formed by such a Being, will ever be made eternally miserable; since God (they say) would act unjustly in inflicting eternal misery for temporary crimes, the sufferings of the wicked can be but remedial, and will terminate in a complete purification from moral disorder, and in their ultimate restoration to virtue and happiness.' "

Moore's Poetry is more explicit than his prose. In the "Loves of the Angels," a beautiful poem founded on the vulgar interpretation of Genesis, 6th chapter, — the angel, who has decended to earth and sinned, and involved a fairer and a purer one in his ruin, thus prays for her forgiveness and escape : —

"Great Power! if ever thy decrees
Thou couldst for prayer like mine recal,—
Pardon that spirit, and on me,
On me, who taught her pride to err,
Shed out each drop of agony,
Thy burning phial keeps for her!
Again I cry, Just God! transfer
That creature's sufferings all to me!
Mine, mine the guilt, the torment be; —
To save one minute's pain to her,
Let mine last all eternity!"

And subsequently, the poet proceeds to describe the angel as standing and breathing: —

"Inwardly a voiceless prayer,
Unheard by all but Mercy's ear,
And which *if Mercy did not hear,—*
Oh, God would not be what this bright
And glorious Universe of his,—
This world of Beauty, Gospel Light
And endless Love, proclaims he is!"

To which our souls involuntarily exclaim, Amen. This is emphatically the Poetry of Universalism.

What, then, shall we say of this?

"But not alone the wonders found,
Thro' Nature's realm — the unveiled material,
Visible glories that hung round,
Like Lights, through her enchanted ground —
But whatso'er unseen, etherial,
Dwells far away from human sense,
Wrapped in its own intelligence, —
The mystery of that Fountain head,
From which all vital spirit runs,
All breath of Life, where'er 'tis shed,
Through men or angels, flowers or suns —
The workings of the Almighty Mind,
When first o'er chaos he designed
The outlines of this world; and through
That Spread of darkness — like the bow,
Called out of rain-clouds, hue by hue,
Saw the grand, gradual picture grow! —
The covenant with human kind,
Which God has made — the Chains of Fate,
He round himself and them hath twined,
'Till his high task be consummate —
Till *good* from *evil*, *love* from *hate*,
Shall be *worked out through sin and pain*,
And Fate shall loose her iron chain,
AND ALL BE FREE, BE BRIGHT AGAIN."

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

This child of Genius, on whose mantle the stain of Infidelity has rested, was far from being the vile scoffer he has been represented. He heartily detested the distorted caricature of Deity, in human creeds, and his anathemas on superstition and false religion have been misconstrued by zealots and bigots, and SHELLEY has been called an Infidel. A man more worthy of the Christian name cannot often be found. Here are extracts from his worst poem — QUEEN MAB, — and we say, as we read, "If this is infidelity, let us have the world full of it!"

'God, Hell and Heaven,
A vengeful, pitiless, and almighty fiend,
Whose mercy is a nickname for the rage
Of tameless tigers hungering for blood.
Hell, a red gulf of everlasting fire,
Where poisonous and undying worms prolong
Eternal misery to those hapless slaves,
Whose life has been a penance for its crimes,
And Heaven a meed for those who dare belie
Their human nature, quake, believe, and cringe,
Before the mockeries of earthly power!

True, every word of it; and if *that* is Infidelity, we are proud of the name. It is a correct description of Popular Error. This is what he meant when he said,

"Twin-sister of Religion, Selfishness!
Not of the true, but of the false; — that
Religion . . . . . prolific fiend,

Who peopled earth with demons, hell with men,
And heaven with slaves!"

But because he hated such a religion, had he no hopes for the future? These are the thoughts which comforted his pure spirit:

"Yet, human Spirit! bravely hold thy course,
Let Virtue teach thee firmly to pursue
The gradual paths of an aspiring change:
For birth, and life, and death, and that strange state,
Before the naked soul has found its home.
All tend to perfect happiness, and urge
The restless wheels of being on their way,
Whose flashing spokes, instinct with infinite life,
Bicker and burn to gain their destined goal;
For birth but wakes the spirit to the sense
Of outward shows, whose unexperienced shape
New modes of passion to its frame may lend;
Life is its state of action, and the store
Of all events is aggregated there,
That variegate the eternal universe;
Death is a gate of dreariness and gloom,
That leads to azure isles and beaming skies,
And happy regions of eternal hope.
Therefore, O Spirit! fearlessly bear on!
Though storms may break the primrose on its stalk,
Though frosts may blight the freshness of its bloom,
Yet Spring's awakening breath will woo the earth,
To feed with kindliest dews its favorite flower,
That blooms in mossy banks and darksome glens,
Lighting the greenwood with its sunny smile.
Fear not, then, Spirit! Death's disrobing hand,
So welcome when the tyrant is awake,
So welcome when the bigot's hell-torch burns
'Tis but the voyage of a darksome hour,
The transient gulf-dream of a startling sleep!"

McDONALD CLARKE,

though an Episcopalian, professedly, left this:

"How narrow are the bounds of hell,
Of blood and dust how small a part!
The cloister of a forehead's clouded swell,
The dungeon of a loathing heart.

The walls of hell may be the human skull—
The human breast its scorching base;
There's a roar within, though man may lull
Its storms, ere its lightnings cross the face!"

LORD BYRON.

Dr. Kennedy, a Calvinistic Christian, in his conversations with BYRON, represents him as speaking in the loftiest terms of that powerful defence of Universalism, T. SOUTHWOOD SMITH'S Divine Government, saying, among other things, that it contained *the only views which could sustain Christianity against Infidelity*. In one of his letters, he rebukes those who deride reason, and insist on blind belief. Indeed, no one can read the words of the noble Poet, without believing him to be disgusted with the miserable husk-religion of his day, and longing for a realization of that, of which, in his inspired moments, he caught strange glimpses, and whose mingling harmonies broke in wonderful, angel-cadence, on

his ears, in the times of his communion with the Spirit of Beauty.

Lord BYRON had passed many years in sin — he had quaffed deeply from its bowl — but he never ascertained the alleged fact, that sin hardens the heart of man to such a degree, that, although it is unpleasant at first, it becomes desirable. He found, in his own fearful experience, that

> "The mind which is immortal, *makes itself*
> *Requital* for its *good* or *evil* thoughts,—
> Is *its own origin of ill and end* —
> And its own *place* and *time*."

So, also, he says:

> "O, just God!
> Thy Hell is not hereafter!"

He condemned the wild theory of original sin, and when Adah, the wife of Cain, assures her husband, that the suffering which they endure was caused by Adam's sin, he makes Cain very justly declare:

> "What is that
> To us? *They sinned;* then let *them die!*"

And when told, that peradventure an atonement should be one day offered, the Poet causes Cain to break out thus:

> "By sacrificing
> The harmless for the *guilty?* What atonement
> Were *there?* Why, *we are innocent;* what have we
> Done, that we must be victims for a deed

Before our birth, or need have victims to
Atone for this mysterious nameless sin?
For what should I
Be contrite? for my *father's sins already*
Expiate with what we all have *undergone*,
And to be more than expiated by
The ages prophesied upon our seed?
Little deems our blooming sleeper there,
The germs of an eternal misery,
To myriads is within him! better 'twere
I snatched him in his sleep, and dashed him 'gainst
The rocks, than let him live to—
I said
'Twere better that he cease to live, than give
Life to so much of sorrow as he must
Endure,—and harder still, bequeath,——
'Twere better that he never had been born!"

There are many things in the last extract worthy of our consideration. They show us, that doctrines, which are now believed to be false, stood between BYRON and GOD. Had they been removed in his time, Heaven would have been opened to him, and he might have entered into its holy of holies.

His righteous rebuke of the "unco good," who persecuted one, who, with all his faults, was as good as they,—deserves quoting:

"'Tis ours to *bear*, *not judge* the dead—and they
Who doom to hell, *themselves* are on the way,
Unless those bullies of eternal pains
Are pardoned their *bad hearts* for their *worse brains!*"

Lord Byron's mind was a religious one, and was made to recoil from its true path by the error and wickedness he everywhere found in the

church. Had reflection in his mind been equal to his perception, the truth he sometimes saw would have been the guiding star of his life. On one occasion he expressed some liberal sentiments, and immediately added:

"I know this unpopular; *I know*
'Tis blasphemous; I know one may be damn'd
For hoping no one else may e'er be so;
I know my catechism; I know we're cramm'd
With the best doctrines, till we quite o'erflow;
I know that all save England's church have
shamm'd, &c."

It was because he sometimes broke out in rebellion against the popular opinions and prejudices, that he was called irreligious and profane. But he was far from this, and his sins were caused by others, more than himself; he was more "sinned against than sinning." Byron was meant for a good man.

When in Switzerland, he seized the imagery presented to his eye and described it as

"White and sulphury,
Like foam from the roused Ocean of deep Hell,
Whose every wave breaks on a living shore,
Heaped with the damned like pebbles."

But at other times, when the problem of Existence demanded a solution, he broke out into a declaration of the future surpassed by no human being save Paul and Isaiah. It is sublime truth:

"The eternal will
Shall deign to expound this dream
Of good and evil, *and redeem*

Unto himself ALL *times*, ALL *things*,
And gathered under his Almighty wings,
ABOLISH HELL!
And to the expatiated earth,
Restore the beauty of her birth,
Her Eden in an endless paradise,—
Where *man no more* can fall, as once he fell,
AND EVEN THE VERY DEMONS SHALL DO WELL!"

He lived a sinful man. We are far from quoting him as an example, or endorsing his life. But he was one of the gifted of earth, and intellectually we are glad to know that at times he could look so far into the infinite Future. Often did the beauty of the Eden-land of Truth open to his entranced vision. Those glimpses he has revealed to us, and we rejoice in their loveliness. Would God he had always traversed the green savannahs and sat by the silver streams of Zion. Thus had he been a better and a happier man.

JOHN FOSTER.

This brilliant essayist, one of the great company which has made the periodical literature of England immortal, was, at the time of his death, at the head of the Baptist denomination in the world. He received a letter, at one time, from a young clergyman, expressing doubts of the eternity of punishment, to which, among other things, Foster replied:

"But *endless punishment!* hopeless misery, through a duration, to which the enormous terms above imagined, will be absolutely nothing! *I acknowledge my inability* (I would say it reverently) *to admit this belief, together with a belief in the divine goodness* — the belief that "God is love," that his tender mercies are all over his works."

"But, after all this, we have to meet the grave question, *What say the Scriptures?* There is a force in their expression, at which we well may tremble. On *no* allowable interpretation do they signify less than a *very protracted duration* and formidable severity. But I hope it is not presumption to take advantage of the fact, that *the terms everlasting, eternal, forever, original or translated, are often employed in the Bible*, as well as other writings, *under great and various limitations of import;* and are thus withdrawn from the predicament of *necessarily and absolutely* meaning a strictly endless duration. The limitation is often, indeed, plainly marked by the nature of the subject. In other instances, the words are used with a figurative indefiniteness, which leaves the limitation to be made by some general rule of reason and proportion. They are designed to magnify, to aggravate, rather than to define. My resource, in the present case, then, is simply this: — that *since the terms do not necessarily and absolutely signify an interminable duration* — and since there is, in the present instance, to be pleaded, for admitting a limited interpretation, a reason in the moral estimate of things, of stupendous, of infinite urgency, involving our conceptions of divine good-

ness and equity, and leaving those conceptions overwhelmed in darkness and horror, if it be rejected, I *therefore conclude that a limited interpretation is authorized.* Perhaps there is some pertinence in the suggestion, which I recollect to have seen in some old and nearly unknown book in favor of universal restitution, that the great difference of *degrees* of future punishment, so plainly stated in Scripture, affords an argument against its perpetuity; since, if the demerit be infinite, there can be no place for a scale of degrees, apportioning a minor infliction to some offenders; every one should be punished up to the utmost that his nature can sustain; and the same reason of equity there may be for a limited measure, there may consistently be for a limited duration. The assignment of an unlimited duration would seem an abandonment of the *principle* of the discriminating rule observed in the adjustment of degrees.

"If it be asked, *how could* the doctrine have been more plainly and positively asserted than it is in the Scripture language? In answer, I ask, how do *we* construct our words and sentences to express it in an absolute manner, so as to leave no *possibility* of understanding doctrine, and yet, pressed by the strength of the Scripture *language*, have had recourse to a *literal* interpretation of threatened destruction, the eternal death, as signifying *annihilation of existence after* a more or less protracted penal infliction. Even this would be a prodigious relief; but it is an admission, that the terms in question *do* mean something final, in an absolute sense. I have not directed much thought to this point; the grand

object of interest being a negation of the perpetuity of misery. I have not been anxious for any satisfaction beyond *that;* though certainly *one would wish to indulge the hope*, founded on the divine attribute of infinite benevolence, *that there will be a period somewhere in the endless futurity, when all God's sinning creatures will be restored by him to rectitude and happiness.*"

DANIEL DEFOE.

The world-renowned Robinson Crusoe is a vehicle of truth. DeFoe has put language into the mouth of his good man Friday, which would become many a good man, Sunday, better than his horrible caricatures of Deity. If the reader can reconcile it with the idea that Sin is endless, he is welcome. When Friday was told that God was stronger than the Devil, he says:

"If God much strong, much might as the Devil, why God not *kill* the Devil, *so make him no more wicked?*"

Sure enough. But the Christian replies humorously, we think, that God reserves him to everlasting fire in the bottomless pit. But Friday, not to be put off, says, "Reserve at last, me no understand; but why not kill the Devil now?" Crusoe says, "God does not kill you and me, when we do wicked things here that offend him." To this, Friday says, (mighty

affectionately) "Well, well, that well. So you, I, devil, *all wicked*, *all preserve*, *repent*, GOD PARDON ALL."

THOMAS HOOD.

The writings of this humorist, and powerful rebuker of wrong, abound with the spirit of our faith. Instance his "Ode to Rae Wilson," one of the "Holy Willies," who had accused him of profaneness. He frankly confesses that he's

"*Not one of those self-constituted saints*,
Those pseudo privy-counsellers of God,
Who write down judgments with a pen hard nibb'd,
Ushers of Belzebub's black rod,
Who *commend sinners*, not to ice thick-ribbed,
But endless flames, to scorch them up like flax,—
Yet sure of Heaven themselves, as if they'd cribb'd
The impression of St. Peter's keys in wax!
Of such a character, no single trace
Exists, I know, in my fictitious face;
There wants a certain cast about the eye,
A certain lifting of the nose's tip. . . . .
A certain curling of the nether lip. . . . .
No solemn, sanctimonious face I pull,
Nor think I'm pious, when I'm only billious,
Nor study in my sanctum supercilious,
To frame a Sabbath Bill, or forge a Bull."

But he adds, —

"Shun pride, O Rae! whatever sort beside
You take in lieu, shun spiritual pride!
A pride there is of rank, a pride of birth,
A pride of learning, and a pride of purse,
A London pride, — in short, there be on earth

A host of prides, some better and some worse;
But of all prides, since Lucifer's attaint,
The proudest swells a self-elected Saint.
To picture that cold pride, so harsh and hard,
Fancy a peacock in a poultry-yard.
Behold him, in conceited circles sail,
Strutting and dancing, and now planted stiff,
In all his pomp of pageantry, as if
He felt "the eyes of Europe" on his tail!
As for the humble breed retained by man,
He scorns the whole domestic clan.
He bows, he bridles,
He wheels, he sidles,—
At last, with stately dodgings in a corner,
He pens a simple russet hen, to scorn her
Full in the blaze of his resplendent fan!
'Look here,' he cries, (to give him words,)
'Thou feathered clay, thou scum of birds!"
Flirting the rustling plumage in her eyes—
'Look here, thou *vile, predestined sinner,*
Doomed to be roasted for a dinner,
Behold these lovely, variegated dyes!
These are the rainbow colors of the skies,
That Heaven has shed upon ME *con amore*—
A *Bird of Paradise!* A pretty story!
I am that saintly bird, thou paltry chick!
Look at my crown of glory!
Thou dingy, dirty, drabbled, draggled jill!"
And off goes Partlet, wiggling from a kick
With bleeding scalp, laid open by his bill!
That little simile exactly paints,
How sinners are despised by Saints, ...
The Saints! the Bigots that in public spout,
Spread phosphorus of zeal, on scraps of fustian,
And go, like walking Lucifers about,
Mere living bundles of combustion. . . .
Thrice blessed rather is the man with whom
The gracious prodigality of Nature,
The balm, the bliss, the beauty and the bloom,
The bounteous Providence in every feature

Recal the good Creator to his creature!
Making all earth a fane, all heaven its dome.
To his tuned spirit the wild heather bells
Ring Sabbath knells;
The jubilate of the soaring lark,
Is chant of clerk;
For choir, the thrush, and the gregarious linnet,
The sod's a cushion for his pious want;
And consecrated by the heaven within it,
The sky-blue pool a font.
Each cloud-cap'd mountain is a holy altar;
An organ breathes in every grove;
And the full heart's a Psalter,
Rich in deep hymns of gratitude and love!"

HENRY BROOKE.

This author, the associate of POPE, SWIFT, and CHATHAM, whose "*Fool of Quality*" was published nearly a century ago, developed the universal reign of Christ very fully. Frequently, the theory glows with divine beauty in the picturesque sentiment of the then popular book. It abounds with Universalism.

"God himself is a Spirit. Wherefore, as our spirits are the offsprings of his Divine Spirit, we may justly presume them endowed with like capacities. But if body is necessary to the perception of Spirit, as Zoroaster, the illuminated philosopher, seems to intimate, in this case, we may reasonably suppose, that when our Spirits shall be parted from these gross and frail bodies, they shall be instantly clothed upon with more pure and permanent bodies. Or, as I rather think,

that these pure and permanent bodies are already forming, and pregnant within our gross and corruptible bodies, and that, when the midwife, Death, shall deliver us from the dark womb of our woful travail and mortality, we shall immediately spring forth into incorruption and glory." . . . . . "God is not to be feared, but to be loved, — for he is a very gracious and bountiful God." . . . . .

"Aye, but," says Mr. Clement, "you see that God's anger was so great against sin, that nothing could satisfy for it, save the death of his beloved Son."

"Aye, but," says Peter, "the Scripture which you quote tells you that it was not his anger, but his love, that sent him to us. 'God so loved the world,' — a very sinful world indeed, — 'that he gave his only begotten Son, to take his death upon the Cross.' And I am as fully assured, as I am of my own being, that the same gracious God, who has already redeemed poor sinners, would willingly redeem the poor devils also, if they could but find it in their hearts to desire salvation."

"And thus, on the grand and final consummation, when every will shall be subdued to the will of good to all, our Jesus will take in hand the resigned chordage of our hearts, he will tune them as so many instruments, and will touch them with the finger of his own divine feelings. Then shall the wisdom, the might, the goodness of our God, become the wisdom, might and goodness of all his intelligent creatures; the happiness of each shall multiply and overflow in the wishes and participation of the happiness of all;

the universe shall begin to sound with the song of congratulation, and all voices shall break forth in an eternal hallelujah of praise transcending praise, and glory transcending glory, to God and the Lamb."

MARK AKENSIDE.

From the "Pleasures of the Imagination," by AKENSIDE, one of the purest poems ever written, we make this extract:

"The high-born soul
Disdains to rest her Heaven-aspiring wing
Beneath her native quarry. Tired of earth,
And this diurnal scene, she springs aloft
Through fields of air; pursues the flying storm;
Rides on the volleyed lightning through the heavens;
Or yoked with whirlwinds and the northern blast,
Sweeps the long tract of day. Then high she soars
The blue profound; and hovering round the Sun,
Beholds him pouring the redundant stream
Of light; beholds his unrelenting sway
Bend the reluctant planets to absolve
The fated rounds of Time. Thence far effused
She darts her swiftness up the long career
Of devious comets, through its burning signs,
Exulting, measures the perennial wheel
Of Nature, and looks back on all the stars,
Whose blended light, as with a milky zone,
Invests the Orient. Now amazed she views
The empyreal wastes, where happy spirits hold
Beyond this concave Heaven, their calm abode;
And fields of radiance, whose unfading light
Has travelled the profound six thousand years,
Nor yet arrives in sight of mortal things.
Ev'n on the barriers of the world, untired

She meditates the eternal depth below,
Till, half recoiling, down the headlong steep
She plunges, soon o'erwhelmed and swallowed up,
In that immense of Being. There her hopes
Rest at the fated goal. For, from the birth
Of Mortal Man, the sovereign Maker said
That not in humble, nor in brief delight,—
Not in the fading glories of renown,
Power's purple robes, nor Pleasure's flowery lap,
The soul should find enjoyment, but from these
Turning disdainful to an equal good,
Thro' all the ascent of things enlarge her view,
Till every bound at length should disappear,
AND INFINITE PERFECTION CLOSE THE SCENE!"

JOANNA BAILLIE.

This venerable daughter of Literature, who died, at a very advanced age, but a short time since, has left, says the Rev. A. B. GROSH, a few traces of her love for this benevolent faith.

In "The Second Marriage," Beaumont, a benevolent clergyman, replies to a disparaging remark by his wife on the step-mother:

"Nay, my dear, you are prejudiced and severe. She has an ungracious countenance, to be sure, but now and then, when it relaxes, she looks as if she had some good in her.

Mrs. B. Yes, Charles, you find always some good in every one of God's creatures.

Mr. B. And there *is* some good in every one of God's creatures, if you would but look for it."

In another place, the sentiment is repeated:

Mrs. B. "Poo, Mr. Beaumont! the wicked-

est creature on earth has always your good word for some precious quality or other.

Mr. B. Well, my dear, and the wickedest creature in the world always has something about it that shows whose creature it is, — that shows we were all meant for a good end — and that there is a seed — a springing place — a beginning for it, in everybody."

In "The Election," a Comedy, Baltimore saves the life of a hated rival, Freeman, under strong temptations to leave him to perish; whereupon, Mrs. Baltimore, on hearing it, exclaims,

"Thy Master — ay, and my husband! and God Almighty's good creature, who has formed everything good! Oh, yes, *He has made every being with good in it, and will at last make everything perfectly so, in some way or other, known only to his wisdom!*"

JAMES AND HORACE SMITH.

The Brothers SMITH, authors of Rejected Addresses, have said:

"The present and the past assure us, by millions of incontestible proofs, that the benevolent Creator sympathises with our happiness; then he must sympathize more tenderly with our sufferings. To suppose he would scatter all sorts of delights around us in this evanescent world, and yet *doom the great mass of mankind to everlasting anguish in the next, is an irreconcilable contradiction.*"

A CAUSE OF SKEPTICISM.

Along with the names of OWEN, WRIGHT, and others, who have rejected the Scriptures because they supposed them to contain the doctrine of Endless Punishment, must be recorded the name of the eminent French Fabulist,

LA FONTAINE.

He says:

"I have lately taken to read the New Testament, which, I assure you, is a very good book; but there *is one article to which I cannot accede; it is that of the Eternity of Punishment. I cannot comprehend how this Eternity is compatible with the goodness of God!*"

It will be seen that he here takes it for granted, that the New Testament teaches the doctrine. Further examination would have dissipated this error.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

ranks among the truly inspired. In the "True Story of my Life," he says:

"Yet it is not so hard as people deem
To see their souls' beloved from them riven;
God has their dear ones, and in death they seem
To form a bridge which leads them up to heaven."

Again, he says:

"My whole life, the bright as well as the gloomy days, led to the best. It is like a voyage to some known point, — I stand at the rudder, I have chosen my path — but God rules the storm and the sea. He may direct it otherwise; and then happen what may, *it will be the best for me. This faith is firmly planted in my breast, and makes me happy.*"

He declares:

"*I received gladly, both with feeling and understanding, the doctrine, that God is love; every thing which opposes this* — A BURNING HELL, THEREFORE, WHOSE FIRE ENDURD FOREVER — *I could not recognize.*"

Thus the name of the Poet of Denmark can be added to those illustrious ones of Germany and other European countries, whose clear, mental eyes, gaze through the sophisms of the schools, and discover the manifold results of God's love.

EPITAPH ON AN INFANT.

This little anonymous quatrain is valuable, because it precludes the monstrous deformity of Infant Damnation, — a doctrine absolutely without parallel in all the hideous atrocities of heathen error and falsehood.

He took the cup of life to sip,
But bitter 'twas to drain;
He put it meekly from his lip,
And went to sleep again.

DR. RUSH.

The eminent Dr. Rush, who was a firm friend of Elhanan Winchester, in a letter, dated Nov. 12, 1791, says:

"If Christ died for all, as Mr. Wesley taught, it will soon appear a necessary consequence, that all shall be saved. . . . . The benevolent spirit which has lately appeared in the world, in its governments, in its numerous philanthropic and humane societies, and even in public entertainments, remind me of the first efforts of a child to move its body, or limbs. These efforts are strong, but irregular, and often in a contrary direction to that which is intended. . . . . At present, we wish liberty to the whole world, but the next touch of the celestial magnet upon the human heart; will direct it into wishes for the salvation of all mankind."

ROBERT SOUTHEY,

The former Poet-laureate of England has given this testimony:

What though at birth we bring with us the seed
Of sin, a mortal taint — in heart and will
Too surely felt, too plainly shown in deed,—
Our fatal heritage; yet are we still
The children of the All-Merciful; and *ill*
They teach, who tell us that from hence must flow
God's wrath, and then his justice to fulfil,
Death everlasting, never-ending wo!
O miserable lot of man, if it were so!

Falsely and impiously teach they, who thus
Our Heavenly Father's holy will misread!
In bounty hath the Lord created us,
In love redeemed. From this authentic creed
Let no bewildering sophistry impede
The heart's entire assent, for God is good.
Hold firm this faith, and in whatever need,
Doubt not but thou wilt find thy soul endued
With all-sufficient strength of heavenly fortitude.

In his Life of John Wesley, he refers to a controversy which had taken place between the great champion of Arminianism, and the Calvinist Whitfield. The latter wrote to Wesley:

"I am sorry, honored Sir, to hear, by many letters, that you seem to own a *sinless perfection*, in this life attainable. I think I cannot answer you better than a venerable minister of these parts answered a Quaker: 'Bring me a man that has really arrived at this, and I will pay his expenses, let him come from whence he will.' Besides, dear Sir, what a fond conceit is it to cry up *perfection*, and yet to cry down the doctrine of *final perseverance*. But this, and many other absurdities, you will run into, because you will not own election; and you will not own election, because you cannot own it without believing in reprobation. What, then, is there in reprobation so horrid?"

In the biography before us, Southey is sufficiently explicit in reference to Calvinism. Taken in connection with the first quotation, it gives

us Southey's estimate of that sum of all monstrosities:

"That question might have been easily answered. The doctrine implies that an almighty and all-wise Creator has called into existence the greater part of the human race, to the end that, after a short, sinful, and miserable life, they should pass into an eternity of inconceivable torments, it being the pleasure of their Creator that they should not be able to obey his commands, and yet incur the penalty of everlasting damnation for disobedience. In the words of Mr. Wesley, who has stated the case with equal force and truth, 'The sum of all this is, one in twenty, suppose, of mankind are elected, nineteen in twenty are reprobrated.' The elect shall be saved, do what they *will;* the reprobate shall be damned, do what they *can.*' This is the doctrine of Calvinism, for which *diabolism would be a better name; and in the worst and bloodiest idolatry that ever defiled the earth,* THERE IS NOTHING SO HORRID, SO MONSTROUS, SO IMPIOUS AS THIS."

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

The Swan of Avon, once, at least, sung this great Religious Truth. Here is the spirit of our Religion. Shylock, a portrait of the Popular God, demands his just due, even though it is the pound of flesh nearest the heart. Portia replies:

"The quality of *mercy* is not strained;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven,
Upon the place beneath; it is twice blessed;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes;
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty;
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But *mercy is above this sceptred sway*,—
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God Himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When Mercy seasons Justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this—
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy,
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy!"

R. W. EMERSON

employs the following language in an article on the system of Swedenborg:

"Another dogma, growing out of this pernicious theological limitation, is this Inferno. Swedenborg has devils. Evil, according to old philosophers, is good in the making. *That pure malignity can exist, is the extreme proposition of unbelief. It is not to be entertained by a rational agent; it is atheism; it is the last profanation.* Euripides rightly said,—

'Goodness and being in the Gods are one,
He who imputes ill to them makes them none.'

To what a painful perversion had Gothic theology arrived, that Swedenborg admitted no con-

version for evil spirits! But the divine effort is never relaxed; the carrion in the sun will convert itself to grass and flowers; *and man, though in brothels or jails, or on gibbets, is on his way to all that is good and true.* BURNS, with the wild humor of his apostrophe to "poor old Nickie Ben,"

"O wad ye tak a thought, and mend!"

has the advantage of the vindictive theologian. Everything is superficial, and perishes, but love and truth only. The largest is always the truest sentiment, and we feel the more generous spirit of the Indian Vishnu, 'I am the same to all mankind. There is not one who is worthy of my love or hatred.'"

J. A. FROUDE.

One of the most vigorous of modern writers,—J. A. Froude, M. A., in his Nemesis of Faith, gives vent to the feeling which is now so general in churches of all communions, of horror and disgust in reference to eternal punishment. He says:

"I know but one man, of more than *miserable* intellect, who, in these modern times, has dared defend eternal punishment, on the score of *justice*, and that is Leibnitz;—a man, who, if I know him rightly, chose the subject from its difficulty, as an opportunity for the display of his

genius, and cared so little for the truth, that his conclusions did not cost his heart a pang, or wring a single tear from him. No: if I am to be a minister of religion, I must teach the poor people that they have a Father in Heaven, not a tyrant; one who loves them *all* beyond power of heart to conceive; who is sorry when they do wrong, not angry; whom they are to love and *dread*, not with caitiff coward fear, but with deepest awe and reverence, as the all-pure, all-good, all-holy. I could never fear a God, who kept a hell prison-house. No: not though he flung me there because I refused."

The young Episcopal clergyman, who is the hero of the book, finds the absurdity of endless punishment an impassable barrier between his profession and his duty.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Besides mentioning the fact that BURNS was a Universalist, CUNNINGHAM indicates his love for the doctrine, in his life and writings of Burns, and in his novel — "Roldau," neither of which have I been able to procure.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH,

The most philosophical, and one of the greatest of English Poets, shows us, that Christain Faith is the substance of things hoped for.

> " One adequate support
> For the calamities of mortal life
> Exists, one only ; — *an assured belief*
> *That the procession of our fate, however*
> *Sad or disturbed, is ordered by a being*
> *Of infinite benevolence and power,*
> *Where everlasting purposes embrace*
> *All accidents*, CONVERTING THEM TO GOOD."

OUR LOVED ONES.

[This couplet was written by the excellent American Poet, J. G. PERCIVAL.]

> " We send these fond endearments o'er the grave,
> HEAVEN WOULD BE HELL, IF LOVED ONES WERE NOT THERE."

GAINESBOROUGH.

When GAINESBOROUGH, the great painter, and the hating and hated rival of VANDYKE, was dying, he cried out, " *We are* ALL *going to Heaven,* AND VANDYKE IS OF THE PARTY ! "

GEORGE MOORE,

Author of a singular and most able work, entitled, "Body and Mind," tells us of the following, among other things:

"Well may we say, when reflecting on this desertion and desolation of the human spirit, clouds and darkness are around the throne of the Eternal. The Christian, however, looks closer to that throne, and there beholds the rainbow in its harmony of light, and expects Him who sits thereon once more to come forth and vindicate the ways of God to man by showing how it is the business of Omnipotence to reconcile all contradictions, to call light out of darkness, life out of death, good out of evil, and to accomplish whatever our darkened reason would now call impossible."

"Though evil is the opposite of good, and therefore the antagonist of God, yet Omnipotence is revealed in its permission, because it is restrained to the furtherance of benevolent purposes, by calling forth the virtue of loving spirits, and by demanding the highest exercise of this faith. To believe in Him *who is the reconciler of all things to himself*, is to believe in the ultimate vindication of all his attributes, and to feel that the stability of his throne is as sure as eternity. The love that originated all creatures has never allowed his own nature to be involved in the contradiction of their necessarily narrowed understandings, and when their round of error is completed according to their *little* wills, it shall still be found that *His* will triumphs, and the boundless universe must everlastingly declare in every color of

threefold light, and in the lines of darkness that divide its rays, in spite of sin, in spite of suffering, in spite of death, that God is love, the source of endless light."

"Now what is faith—true faith? It is to feel that He who introduced us to earthly life guides us to the heavenly, and is nearer to us than our own flesh, since he gives us a consciousness of a higher world and happy eternity, to the fulness of which we cheerfully pass on. It is the belief of the soul that God acts *with* it, because will is power, and because he has imparted to faith an authority to convert a sinful creature into a son of God. But there is a faith that works not by love. That, too, though but as a minute seed, can remove mountains, yet it can do no good: its operation in any heart creates a hell. Both kinds of faith have one parent—knowledge; but yet both faith and knowledge may be purely scientific, or truly Satanic. The scientific, truly so called, trusts God—the Satanic trusts nothing. The former belongs to religion, being set upon attaining a coincidence with the divine mind; the latter seeks no end but the gratification of a self-hood that wills not to be reckoned as an integral part of an infinite whole. * * * * "*Turpis universo non congruens*," wisely says the strong-hearted Augustin, since every soul that is out of keeping with divine order must remain, in the license of a perverse will, forever vile, *until restored to the dominion of truth by the attractiveness of light and the miseries of darkness*."

QUARLES.

The quaint old poet, QUARLES, has left a proof of his religious position. It is unique, but fine.

Earth is an island, parted round with fears;
Thy way to heaven is through a sea of tears;
It is a stormy passage, where is found
The wreck of many a ship, BUT NO MAN DROWNED.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

"In Memoriam," Tennyson's recent lament over the death of his friend—fibres from the heart are its eloquent lines—announces the high hopes inspired by a vision of the Restitution of all things. Thus he sings:

"Oh yes, we trust that somehow *good*
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood:

"That nothing walks with aimless feet,
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete:

"That not a worm is cloven in vain,
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shrivelled in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

"Behold! we know not any thing;
I can but trust that GOOD SHALL FALL

At last—far off—at last to all,
And every winter change to spring.

"So runs my dream; but what am I?
An infant crying in the night;
An infant crying for the light;
And with no language but a cry."

And again:

"That God which ever lives and loves,
One God, one law, one element,
And *one far-off, divine event,*
To which the whole creation moves."

LEIGH HUNT.

One of the most voluminous and elegant of the poetical and prose writers of England has exerted a vast influence in God's behalf. His writings teem with expressions in favor of the belief in a World's Salvation. In a review of the writings of Hannah More, he says:

"It is time for Philosophy and True Religion to know one another, and not hesitate to follow the most influential truths into their consequences. If "a small unkindness is a great offence," what would Miss HANNAH MORE have said to the infliction of eternal punishment? Or are God and his ways eternally to be represented as something so different from the best attributes of humanity, that the wonder must be, how humanity can survive in spite of the mistake? The truth is, that the circulation of Miss More's own blood

was a better thing than all her doctrines put together; and luckily it is a much more universal inheritance. The Heart of man is continually sweeping away the errors he gets into his Brain."

Again:

"O! strange effects of example and bringing up! when humanity itself can be made to believe in the divineness of what is inhuman!"

Elsewhere he says:

"*Heaven and Earth should petition to be abolished, rather than one such monstrosity (a victim of infinite suffering,) should exist;—it is the absurdest, as well as the most impious of all fears.*"

He is most explicit in his autobiography, published by the Harpers, a work destined to accomplish great and most beneficial results in the Theological world. He declares:

"My father, though a clergyman of the Established Church, had settled, as well as my mother, into a Christian of the Universalist persuasion, which believes in the final restoration of all things. It was hence that I learned the impiety (as I have expressed it,) of the doctrine of eternal punishment. In the present day, a sense of impiety, in some way or other, whether of doubt or sophistication, is the secret feeling of nine-tenths of all churches: and every church will discover, before long, that it must rid itself of the doctrine, if it would not cease to exist. Love is the only creed destined to survive all others."

"The reader will see at once how 'unorthodox' is my version of Christianity, when I declare that I do not believe one single dogma which the reason that God has put in our heads, or the hearts that he has put in our bosoms, revolts at. For though reason cannot settle many undeniable mysteries that perplex us, and the heart must acknowledge the existence of others from which it cannot but receive pain, yet there is no reason why mysteries should be palmed upon reason, of which it has no evidence whatever, or why pain should be forced upon the heart, for which it sees grounds as little. What evils there are, I find, for the most part, relieved with many consolations: some I find to be necessary to the requisite amount of good; and every one of them I find to come to a termination; for either they are cured and live, or are killed and die; and in the latter case I see no evidence to prove that a little finger of them aches any more."

"This palpable revelation, then, of God, which is called the *universe, contains no evidence whatsoever of the thing called eternal punishment:* and why should I admit any assertion of it that is not at all palpable? *If an angel were to tell me to believe in eternal punishment I would not do it; for it would better become me to believe the angel a delusion, than God monstrous; and we make Him monstrous when we make Him the author of eternal punishment*, though we have not the courage to think so. For God's sake let us have piety enough to believe him better! I speak thus boldly, not to shock any body, which it would distress me to think I did; but because opinions so shocking distress myself, and because

they ought, I think, to distress every body else, and so be put an end to. Of any readers whom I may shock, I beg their forgiveness. Only I would entreat them to reflect how far that creed can be in the right, which renders it shocking in God's children to think the best of their Father.

"It seems clear to me, from all which is occurring in Europe at this moment, from the signs in the papal church, in our own church, in the universal talk and minds of men, whether for or against it, that the knell of the letter of Christianity itself has struck, and that it is time for us to inaugurate and enthrone its spirit. I was in hopes when Pius the Ninth first made his appearance in Europe, that a great as well as a good man had arisen, competent to so noble a task. Young Italy, let loose from prison, fell at his feet, and I think had he persevered in what made it do so, all Europe would have fallen at his feet, and the papal power have thus profited by its greatest and only remaining chance of retaining the sceptre of the Christian world. But the new Pope was frightened at being thought one of the 'New Christians,' (as Lamartine called them;) and he hastened to issue a bull declaring the unalterableness of every papal dogma; and the moment he did that, he signed the death warrant of his church. Dogma, whatever may be the convulsive appearance to the contrary in certain feeble quarters, has ceased to be a vital European principle; and nothing again will ever be universally taken for Christianity, but the religion of Love to God and man:—Love to God, as the Divine Mind which brings good and beauty out of blind-working matter; and Love to man,

as God's instrument for advancing the world we live in, and as partaker with his fellow men of suffering, and endeavor, and enjoyment. 'Reason,' says Milton, 'is choice;' and where is to be found a religion better to choose than this? Immortality is a hope for all, which it is not just to make a blessing for any less number, or misery for a single soul. Faith depends for its credibility on its worthiness; and 'without works is dead.' But Charity, by which lovely Greek word is not to be understood any single form of moral grace or kindness, but every possible form of it conducive to love on earth, and its link with heaven, is the only *sine qua non* of all final opinions of God and man.

"'Behold, I give you a new commandment, Love one another.' In this ye fulfil the law and the prophets.' 'By their fruits ye shall know them.' 'God is love.' Such, and such only, are the texts upon which sermons will be preached, to the exclusion of whatsoever is infernal and unintelligible. *No hell. No unfatherliness.* No monstrous exactions of assent to the incredible. No impious Athanasian creed. No creed of any kind but such as proves its divineness by the wish of all good hearts to believe it if they might, and by the encouragement that would be given them to believe it in the acclamations of the earth. The world has outgrown the terrors of its childhood, no spurious mistake of a saturnine spleen for a masculine necessity will make them return to them. Mankind have become too intelligent; too brave; too impatient of being cheated, and threatened, and 'put off;' too hungry and thirsty for a better state of things in

the beautiful planet in which they live, and the beauty of which has been an unceasing exhortation and preface to the result. By that divine doctrine will all men gradually come to know in how many quarters the Divine Spirit has appeared among them, and what sufficing lessons for their guidance they have possessed in almost every creed, when the true portions of it shall hail one another from nation to nation, and the mixture of error through which it has worked become unnecessary. For God is not honored by supposing him a niggard of his bounty. Jesus himself was not divine because he was Jesus, but because he had a divine and loving heart; and wherever such greatness has appeared, there has divineness appeared also, as surely as the same sunshine of heaven is on the mountain tops of east and west.

"Such are the doctrines, and such only, accompanied by expositions of the beauties and wonders by God's great book of the universe, which will be preached in the temples of the earth, including those of our beloved country, England, its beautiful old ivied turrets and their green neighborhoods, then, for the first time, thoroughly uncontradicted and heavenly; with not a sound in them more terrible than the stormy yet sweet organ, analogous to the beneficent winds and tempests; and no thought of here or hereafter, that can disturb the quiet aspect of the graves, or the welcome of the new-born darling.

"And that such a consummation may come slowly and surely, without intermission in its advance, and with not an injury to a living soul,

will be the last prayer, as it must needs be among the latest words, of the author of this book."

* * * * * * *

"By the ridiculous doctrine of 'imputed merit,' God's creatures were to be all vice, in order to compliment the Creator with the exclusive possession of all virtue. The children were to be made pure scoundrels, in order to do the greater honor to the father! Such was the flattering of superstition."

Leigh Hunt, who would be immortal had he written nothing but Abou Ben Adhem, delights to bear his testimony in behalf of the truth. Universalism is with him a definite theory. And the cheerful, and moral, and sublime sentiments his works inculcate, are natural results.

Rev. A. C. Thomas relates a most interesting interview with the venerable man, (enjoyed in the year 1853.) The evangelist had presented the poet with a copy of his Autobiography. "'O what pleasure would this have imparted to my father and my mother!' was the recorded outpouring of the heart of Leigh Hunt."

"It was worth a long journey to spend an evening with Leigh Hunt. So genial in his spirit, so kindly in his every thought, so completely is he imbued with the spirit of Universalism, that you feel yourself in conversation with ABOU BEN ADHEM.

I mentioned his poem with that title, and told him how repeatedly it had been quoted and

printed, until it had become a household word in all circles of the United States. He was greatly pleased with the information, not so much, he said, because *he* had put the sentiment into an acceptable shape, (though he was not indifferent to his reputation as an author,) as because *the sentiment itself* had found a sympathetic answer so generally in the human heart, despite the hard training of sectarian creeds. 'The heart,' he continued, 'is after all the final judge of religious truth, and it is a melancholy thing that so many Christian people, who have personally been redeemed from Barbarism, should have brought along with them the *gods* of Barbarism!'

"We spoke of Dante. 'In my early life,' said he, 'I wrote a series of papers on the Italian poets. While making a prose version of Dante's Hell, I could but love the real spirit of the man, while I abhorred the thoughts he invested with the attractions of poesy. And I felt persuaded that he must have had an Angel for his mother and a Devil for his father!"

"We also spoke of Milton. 'In his later life,' said Leigh Hunt, 'Milton became an Arian — and he went farther than that before he died. How sorrowful must have been his reflection, that in 'Paradise Lost' he had imortalized false and mischievous fables, and thus contributed to the perpetuation of monstrous and dishonorable thoughts of the Supreme Being.'"

HORACE GREELEY,

The ablest American journalist, and one of the most useful of reformers and philanthropists, is a zealous Universalist. Here is a sentence worthy of being engraved on a panel of gold. May it not contain the secret of his zeal?

"*Believing most firmly in the ultimate and perfect triumph of good over evil, I rejoice in the existence and diffusion of that liberty, which, while it intensifies the contest, accelerates the consummation.*"

AN ANCIENT WITNESS.

Epictetus, a Stoic, repudiated the dogma of Endless Punishment, — a dogma which originated among the heathen, and which has been almost co-extensive with Heathenism. He says:

"You do not go to a place of pain: you return to the source from which you came, — to a delightful re-union with your primitive elements; there is no Acheron, no Tartarus, no Cocytus, no Phlegethon!"

JOHN DONNE,

one of the first of the English poets, did not believe in the "old wives' fables," which fill modern creeds:

"What if the present were the world's last night?
Mark, in my heart, O Lord! where thou dost dwell,

The picture of Christ crucified, and tell
Whether his countenance can thee affright;
Tears in his eyes quench the amazing light,
Blood fills his frowns, which from his pierced head fall.
And can that tongue adjudge thee unto hell,
Which prayed forgiveness for his foes' fierce spite?
No! No!!"

W. C. BRYANT,

the Poet of America, though a receiver of the doctrines of the New Jerusalem Church, has so far progressed beyond his master, as to exhibit the soul of our religion in his perfect poems. He addresses his wife thus:

"How shall I know thee in the sphere which keeps
The disembodied spirits of the dead,
When all of thee that time could wither, sleeps,
And perishes among the dust we tread?

" *For I shall feel the sting of ceaseless pain,*
If there I meet thy gentle presence not;
Nor hear the voice I love, nor read again
In thy serenest eyes the tender thought.

" Will not thy own meek heart demand me there?
That heart whose fondest throbs to me were given;
My name on earth was ever in thy prayer,
Shall it be banished from thy tongue in Heaven?

" In meadows fanned by Heaven's life-breathing wind,
In the resplendence of that glorious sphere,
And larger movements of the unfettered mind,
Wilt thou forget the love that joined us here?

" The love that lived through all the stormy past,
And meekly with my harsher nature bore,

And deeper grew, and tenderer to the last,
Shall it expire with earth, and be no more?"

He becomes almost systematic in his defence of Universalism when he says:

"each tie
Of pure affection shall be knit again;
Alone shall evil die,
And sorrow dwell a prisoner in thy reign."

ISAAC WATTS.

Though Dr. WATTS is not known as a believer in Universal Salvation, yet how frequently he transcended the narrow limits of his creed, and expressed sentiments which no Partialist utters now-a-days.

"Why do we mourn departed friends,
Or shake at Death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
And calls them to his arms."

Again:

"Why do we start, and fear to die?
What timorous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate to endless joy,
And ye we dread to enter there!"

"The work that wisdom undertakes,
Eternal wisdom ne'er forsakes."

His soul revolted at the cruel statements of error, and his heart outran his head, which, as will be seen below, followed after. Dr. WATTS says in one of his sermons:

"Whensoever any such criminal in hell shall be found making such a sincere and mournful

address to the righteous and merciful Judge of all; if at the same time he is truly humble and penitent for his past sins, and is grieved at his heart for having offended his Maker, and melts into sincere repentance; I cannot think that a God of perfect equity and rich mercy will continue such a creature under his vengeance, but rather that the perfections of God will contrive a way for escape, though God has not given us here any revelation or discovery of such special grace as this. I grant that the eternity of God himself before this world began, or after its consummation, has something in it so immense and so incomprehensible, that in my most mature thoughts, I do not choose to enter into those infinite abysses; nor do I think we ought, usually, when we speak concerning creatures, to affirm positively, that their existence shall be equal to that of the blessed God, *especially with regard to the duration of their punishment.*"

DR. JOSEPH PRIESTLEY.

This distinguished scholar and genius, the day before he died, desired his son to reach him a pamphlet,—John Simpson's work against eternal punishment. He then remarked,—"It will be a source of great satisfaction to you to read this pamphlet. It contains my sentiments, and a belief in them will be a support to you in the most trying circumstances, as it has been to me. We shall all meet finally: we only require different degrees of discipline, suited to our different tem-

pers, to prepare us for final happiness. . . We shall all meet again, in another and a better world."

JAMES MONTGOMERY,

has written a jubilate which we cannot interpret in harmony with the doctrine that Christ shall be defeated. Can the reader?

"Hark! the song of jubilee,
  Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fulness of the sea,
  When it breaks upon the shore:—
'Hallelujah! for the Lord
  God omnipotent shall reign!'
Hallelujah! let the word
  Echo round the earth and main.

"Halleujah!—hark! the sound
  Heard thro' earth and through the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
  All creation's harmonies:
See Jehovah's banner furled,
  Sheathed his sword; he speaks—'tis done!
And the kingdoms of this world
  Are the kingdoms of his Son.

'He shall reign from pole to pole
  With illimitable sway;
He shall reign when, like a scroll,
  Yonder Heavens are passed away;
Then the end;—beneath his rod
  Man's last enemy shall fall:
Hallelujah! *Christ in God,*
  God in Christ, is ALL IN ALL!"

Again:

> "*O'er every foe victorious,*
> *He on his throne shall rest,*
> From age to age more glorious,
> All blessing, and all blest.
> The tide of time shall never
> His covenant remove;
> His name shall stand forever;
> That name to us is LOVE."

BARON HUMBOLDT.

This remarkable man assures us, that,

"*The conviction*—arising from a firm confidence in Almighty goodness and justice—that *death is only the termination of an imperfect state of being, whose purpose cannot be fully carried out here, and that it is the passage to a better and a higher condition*, should be so constantly present to us, that nothing should be able to obscure it, even for a moment: *it is the groundwork of inward peace, and of the loftiest endeavors, and is an inexhaustible spring of comfort in affliction.*"

ACTON WARBURTON.

Acton Warburton, the eloquent author of the "Footsteps of the Normans," says:

"He (the Norman) looks forward to the time when he shall complete that acquaintance, where they have preceded, and await him in

> 'The land of souls, beyond the sable shore,'

and knowing that the Sun of Mercy shines be-

yond the clouds of ancestral error, he would fain hope that *one day would unite them all:*

> 'No wanderer lost,
> A family in Heaven."

LAVATER,

the great Swiss, uttered the following evangelical aspiration:

"My prayers were comprehensive. My family, my friends, my fellow-citizens, my enemies, all Christians, all men were included in them. I flew to the most distant seas; I penetrated into the deepest mines and dungeons. I embraced in my heart all that is called man, present and future times and nations; the dead, *the damned, yea, Satan himself; I presented them all to God, with the warmest wishes that he would have mercy upon all.*"

JAMES THOMPSON,

the Poet of the Seasons, has spoken "words fitly chosen," and they are indeed as "apples of gold in baskets of silver." He says:

"Yet Providence, that ever waking eye,
Looks down with pity on the feeble toil
Of *mortals lost to hope, and lights them safe*
THROUGH ALL THIS DREARY LABYRINTH OF FATE.
'Tis come, the glorious morn; the second birth
Of heaven, and earth! awakening nature hears
The *new creating word*, and starts to life,
In every heightened form, from pain and death
Forever free. *The great eternal scheme,*
Involving all, and in a perfect whole

Uniting, as the prospect wider spreads,
To reason's eye refined clears up apace,
Ye vainly wise! ye blind presumptuous! now,
Confounded in the dust, adore that Power,
And wisdom oft arraigned."

"Why heaven-born Truth,
And moderation fair, wore the red marks
Of superstition's scourge: why licensed pain,
That cruel soldier, that embosomed foe,
Embittered all our bliss. Ye good distressed!
Ye noble few! who here unbending stand
Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up a while,
And *what your bounded view, which only saw*
A little part, deemed Evil. IS NO MORE:
The storms of wintry time will quickly pass,
AND ONE UNBOUNDED SPRING ENCIRCLE ALL."

"'Tis naught to me:
Since God is ever present, ever felt,
In the void waste as is the city full;
And where He vital breathes, there must be joy.
When even at last the solemn hour shall come,
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
I cheerful will obey; there, with new powers,
Will rising wonders sing: *I cannot go*
Where Universal Love smiles not around,
Sustaining all yon orbs and all their suns;
From *seeming* evil still educing good,
And *better* thence again, and *better* still,
IN INFINITE PROGRESSION. But I lose
Myself in him. in Light Ineffable!"

EDWARD L. BULWER.

The great modern Novelist of England, thus testifies:

"I cannot believe that the earth is man's abiding place. It cannot be that our life is cast up

by the ocean of eternity to float a moment upon its waves, and sink into nothingness! Else, why is it that the aspirations which leap like angels from the temple of our hearts, are forever wandering about unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and the cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, then pass off, and leave us to muse upon their faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars who hold their festival around the midnight throne, are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And, finally, why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view, and then taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back in Alpine torrents upon our heart? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth; *there is a realm where rainbows never fade; where the stars will be out before us, like islets that slumber on the ocean; and where the beings that pass before us like shadows*, will stay IN OUR PRESENCE FOREVER!"

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

There are many choice passages in the works of this elegant poet, which indicate that he agrees with the larger part of the denomination to which he is understood to belong, in rejecting the idea of the triumph of evil. He tells us, in the "Golden Legend":

"It is Lucifer,
The Son of Mystery;
And since God suffers him to be,
HE, TOO, IS GOD'S MINISTER,
AND LABORS FOR SOME GOOD,
By us not understood!"

The ENCYCLOPEDIA AMERICANA speaks of an eminent German Theologian, who said, "I cannot see how a virtuous soul can be happy in Heaven, while conscious that there is even one soul condemned to suffering in Hell." This natural inference has doubtless had something to do in causing so many thousands of the German Theologians to abhor the dogma of Endless Misery.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

Rev. J. F. Clarke, in his "Eleven Weeks' Tour in Europe," relates the following, which took place at a breakfast party. It is significant of the views of the amiable man:

"He recited, with much feeling, passages from Gray, and from Milton's Paradise Lost. He thought that Milton had put an argument in the mouth of Adam, complaining of his punishment, which he had not answered. 'There's no answering that,' said he; 'there's no answering that, except, indeed,' he added, '*we admit that all punishment is corrective.*' "

The passage to which he referred is this:

'O Father! gracious was that word that closed
Thy sovereign sentence, that man should find grace
For which both heaven and earth should high extol
Thy praises, with the innumerable sound
Of hymns and sacred songs, wherewith thy throne
Encompassed, shall resound thee ever blessed.
For *should man finally be lost*, should man,

Thy creature late so loved, thy youngest son,
Fall circumvented thus by fraud, though joined
With his own folly? *That be from thee far,*
That far be from thee, Father, who art judge
Of all things made, and judgeth only right.
Or shall the adversary thus obtain
His end, and frustrate thine? Shall he fulfil
His malice, and thy goodness bring to naught?
Or proud return, though to his heavier doom,
Yet with revenge accomplished, and to hell
Draw after him the whole race of mankind,
By him corrupted? Or will thou thyself
Abolish thy creation, and unmake
For him, what for thy glory thou hast made?
So *should thy goodness and thy greatness both*
Be questioned, and blasphemed without defence."

WILLIAM LAW.

Who ever supposed that the author of the Serious Call was a Universalist? Such he was. Not only does Southey, in his Life of Wesley, declare this, but Law himself says, "You say all partial systems of salvation are greatly derogatory to the goodness of God, but that you would say this to very few but myself. But, dear soul, why should you say this to me? I have, without any scruple, openly declared to all the world, that, from eternity to eternity, nothing can come from God but mere infinite love. In how many ways have I proved and asserted that there neither is, nor can be, any wrath or partiality in God; but that every creature must have all that happiness which the infinite love and power of

God can help him to." "*As for the purification of all human nature, I fully believe it either in this world, or some after ages.*" Except Baxter, there is no man more prized to-day, among the Orthodox, than Law.

ALEXANDER POPE.

The Essay on Man is a Universalist poem, infinitely above the sensual representations of Partialism. Says this great author:

"To Him, no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all."

"All nature is but art unknown to thee;
All *chance*, DIRECTION, which thou canst not see;
All discord, HARMONY, not understood;
All partial evil, UNIVERSAL GOOD."

M. F. TUPPER.

"Love is the weapon which Omnipotence reserved to conquer rebel man when all the rest had failed. Reason he parries; fear he answers blow to blow; future interests he meets with present pleasure; *but love*, that sun against whose melting beams winter cannot stand—that soft, subduing slumber, which wrestles down the giant—*there is not one human creature in a million, not a thousand men in all the earth's huge quintillion, whose clay heart is hardened against love.*"

WILLIAM LEGGETT.

This writer, perhaps, would not have followed his own inspired strain, but it states a truth so important, that it may well be recorded here. If we do fail to find our loved ones, all of them, hereafter, will not Heaven be impossible?

If yon bright stars which gem the night
  Be each a blissful dwelling sphere,
Where kindred spirits reunite,
  Whom death has torn asunder here;

How sweet it were at once to die,
  And leave this blighted orb afar,
Mixt soul and soul to cleave the sky,
  And soar away from star to star.

But oh! how dark, and drear, and lone,
  Would seem the brightest world of bliss,
If wandering through each radiant zone,
  We failed to find the loved of this."

SAMUEL RICHARDSON.

The great author of Pamela, and Sir Charles Grandison, in both of those unrivalled works was an avowed receiver of Universalism. Hence he says:

"How much nobler to forgive, and even how much more manly to despise, than to resent an injury!"

In detached passages the sentiment of Universal Salvation is expressed many times in the two works above mentioned.

CHARLES SUMNER.

We know not the theological opinions of the eloquent Reformer and Senator, but we should express our extremest sentiments in the language he has employed in his oration on Progress:

"Every victory over evil redounds to the benefit of all. Every discovery, every human thought, every truth when declared, is a conquest of which the whole human family are partakers. * * * * * *

"But there shall be nobler triumphs than any over inanimate nature. Man himself shall be subdued — subdued to abhorrence of vice, of injustice, of violence — subdued to the sweet charities of life — subdued to all the requirements of duty and religion — subdued according to the Law of Human Progress, to the recognition of that Gospel Law, by the side of which the first is as the scaffolding upon the sacred temple, the Law of Human Brotherhood. To labor for this end was man sent forth into the world; not in the listlessness of idle perfections, but endowed with infinite capacities, inspired by infinite desires, and commanded to strive perpetually after excellence — amidst the encouragements of hope, the promises of final success, and the inexpressible delights which spring from its pursuit. Thus does the Law of Human Progress

"assert eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to man,"

by showing *Evil no longer a gloomy mystery,*

binding the world in everlasting thrall, but as an accident, destined, under the laws of God to be slowly subdued by the works of men, as they pass on to the promised goal of happiness."

EMILE GIRADIN.

The great French journalist says:

"The Human Race began in a unity, is governed as a unity, and must end a unity."

CHARLES MACKAY.

The spirit that animates modern poetry and prose, is well exhibited by such grand writers as Dickens, Jerrold, and the author whose name stands above. A great amount of modern literature is collateral, if not outspoken Universalism. It tells of Progress — Paternity, and Fraternity. The "Course of Time," and works of that Pandemonium stamp, are fossils of an earlier epoch. Modern literature produces nothing like them. This is a good specimen of the Theology of Literature.

THE CHILD AND THE MOURNERS.

A little child beneath a tree,
Sat and chanted cheerily
A little song, a pleasant song,
Which was — she sang it all day long —
"When the wind blows the blossoms fall:
But a good God reigns over all."

There passed a lady by the way,
Moaning in the face of day;

There were tears upon her cheek,
Grief in her heart too great to speak;
Her husband died but yestermorn,
And left in her the world forlorn.

She stopped and listened to the child,
That looked to heaven, and singing, smiled;
And saw not for her own despair,
Another lady, young and fair,
Who also passing, stopped to hear
The infant's anthem ringing clear.

For she but a few sad days before
Had lost the little babe she bore;
And grief was heavy at her soul
As that sweet memory o'er her stole,
And showed how bright had been the Past,
The Present drear and overcast.

And as they stood beneath the tree,
Listening, soothed and placidly,
A youth came by, whose sunken eyes
Spake of a load of miseries:
And he, arrested like the twain,
Stopped to listen to the strain.

Death had bowed the youthful head
Of his bride beloved, his bride unwed;
Her marriage robes were fitted on,
Her fair young face with blushes shone,
When the destroyer smote her low,
And changed the lover's bliss to woe.

And these three listened to the song,
Silver-toned, and sweet, and strong,
Which that child, the live-long day,
Chanted to itself in play:
"When the wind blows the blossoms fall,
But a good God reigns over all."

The widow's lips impulsive moved;
The mother's grief, though unreproved,

Softened, as her trembling tongue
Repeated what the infant sung;
And the sad lover, with a start,
Conned it over to his heart.

And though the child — if child it were,
And not a seraph sitting there —
Was seen no more, the sorrowing three
Went on their way resignedly,
The song still ringing in their ears —
Was it the music of the spheres?

Who shall tell? They did not know.
But in the midst of deepest woe
The strain recurred when sorrow grew,
To warn them and console them too:
"When the wind blows the blossoms fall,
But a good God reigns over all."

Of old opinions, he says:

"*Once we thought* that power eternal
Had decreed the woes of man;
That the human heart was wicked
Since its pulses first began,
That the earth was but a prison,
Dark and joyless at the best,
And *that men were born for evil,*
And sucked it from the breast.
Once we thought all human sorrows
Were predestined to endure;
That, as man had never made them,
Men were impotent to cure,
Old opinions! songs and fables!
Get you gone! get you gone"

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

DR. JOHNSON wrote twenty-five sermons for his friend Dr. JOHN TAYLOR, Prebendary of Westminster, which were preached by the latter, and published at his death, as the compositions of the great moralist. In one of them is this explicit language:

"In our present state, it is impossible to practice this or any other duty, in perfection.—We can not trust God as we ought, because we can not know him as we ought. We know, however, that he is *infinite in wisdom, in power, and in goodness;* that *therefore he designs the happiness of all his creatures; that he can not but know the proper means by which this end may be obtained; and that, in the use of these means, as he can not be mistaken because he is omniscient,* SO HE CAN NOT BE DEFEATED BECAUSE HE IS ALMIGHTY."

In the sermon on the text, "The Lord is good to all, and his tender mercies are over all his works," Dr. Johnson thus speaks:—'Without goodness, what apprehensions could we entertain of all the other attributes of the Divine Being? Without the utmost extent of benevolence and mercy, they would hardly be perfections or excellences. And *what would a universal administration produce, in the hand of an evil, or a partial, or malevolent direction,* but scenes of horror and devastation? *Not affliction and punishment for the sake of discipline and correction,* to prevent the offence and reform the

sinner; *but* heavy judgments and dreadful vengeance to destroy him; or implacable wrath or fiery indignation, *to prolong his misery, and extend the duration of his torture through the revolving periods of an endless eternity.*

"No bounds can be fixed to the Divine presence, nor is any part of illimitable space without his inspection and active influence. There is nothing remote or obscure to him, nor any exception to his favor among all the works of his hands. Far and wide as is the vast range of existence, so is the Divine benevolence extended; and both *in the* previous trial and *final retribution of all his rational and moral productions, 'the Lord is good to all,* and his tender mercies are over all his works."

We can only reconcile these admirable sentiments with the Universal Goodness of God.—And they explain why Dr. JOHNSON placed HARTLEY'S Observations" a Universalist work, next to the Bible. He told Boswell, "Some of the texts of Scripture, on this subject, are as you observe, indeed strong, but they may admit of a mitigated construction."

SYLVESTER JUDD.

The author of Philo, Margaret, Richard Edney, etc; has well spoken: He says:

'I had as lief be damned, as see another damned.'

Again,

'The Stars are out, all out; Heaven's Telegraph
By night. What the intelligence, dear Faith?

Tis thine to spell the twinkling syllables.
It is the same old word since time began,
Repeated seven nights a week—God loveth."

ELIZABETH BARRET BROWNING.

This true hearted daughter of song chants a sweet strain of prophecy, to which the soul gladly assents.

"And who saith 'I loved ONCE?"
Not God, called LOVE, his noble crown-name,—casting
A light too broad for blasting!
The great God changing not from everlasting,
Saith *never* 'I loved ONCE'.

'And, O beloved voices, upon which
Ours passionately call, because ere long
Ye brake off in the middle of that song
We sang together softly, to enrich
The poor world with the sense of love, and witch
The heart out of things evil,—I am strong—
Knowing *ye are not lost for aye among*
The hills, with last year's thrush. *God keeps a niche*
In *Heaven to hold our idols; and albeit*
He *brake them to our faces, and denied*
That *our close kisses should impair their white,*
I know we shall behold them raised, complete,
The dust shook from their beauty,—glorified
New Memnons singing in the great God-light.'

'Let us go—
We will trust God. *The blank interstices*
Men take for ruins, He will build into
With pillared marbles rare, or knit across
With generous arches, till the fane's complete;
This world has no perdition, if some loss.'

The spirit of her sublime singing disdains the sensual teachings of heartless Error.

Her 'Drama of Exile', a glorious poem founded on the original lapse of man, sings the exalted strains of the great restitution. As the exiled pair slowly pass out of Eden, into the desert, a semi chorus is heard saying,—

'So in the Universe's
Consummate undoing,
Our angels of white mercies
Shall hover round the ruin!
Their wings shall stream upon the flame,
As if incorporate of the same,
In elemental fusion;
And calm their faces shall burn out
With a pale and mastering thought,
And a steadfast looking of desire,
From out between the clefts of of fire,
While they cry in the Holy's name!
To the final Restitution!
Listen to our loving!'

Better still, she causes CHRIST to say,—

"For, at last,
'I, wrapping round me your humanity,
Which, being sustained, shall neither break nor burn,
Beneath the fire of Godhead, will tread Earth,
And ransom you, and it, and set strong peace
Betwixt you and its creatures. With my pangs
I will confront your sins, and since your sins
Have sunken to all nature's heart from yours
The tears of my clean soul shall follow them,
And set a holy passion to work clear
Absolute consecration. In my brow
Of kingly whiteness, shall be crowned anew
Your discrowned human nature. Look on me!
As I shall be uplifted on a cross

In darkness of eclipse; and anguish dread,
So shall I lift up in my pierced hands
Not into dark, but light—not unto death,
But life, beyond the reach of guilt and grief,
The WHOLE CREATION."

Well does this sublime composition end by saying to our sinful race,—

'Hear us sing above you,
EXILED BUT NOT LOST!'

CURRER, ELLIS, AND ACTON BELL,

THE MISSES BRONTE,

the talented authoresses of Jane Eyre, Wuthering Heights, Shirley, Poems, etc., the daughters of an Episcopalian clergyman, have repeatedly developed the doctrine we cherish. Witness the following from "Music on Christmas Morning," by Acton Bell.

"With them I celebrate his birth—
Glory to God, in highest Heaven,
Good will to men, and peace on earth,
To us a Savior-King is given;
Our God is come to claim his own,
And Satan's power is overthrown!

'A sinless God for sinful men,
Descends to suffer and to bleed;
Hell must renounce its empire then;
THE PRICE IS PAID, THE WORLD IS FREED,
And Satan's self must now confess
That Christ has earned a right to bless.

'Now holy peace may smile from heaven,
And heavenly Truth from earth shall spring,
The captive's galling bonds are riven,
For our Redeemer is our king;
And he that gave his blood for men
Will lead us home to God again!'

Here is an outspoken thing, entitled,

WORD TO THE ELECT,

BY ACTON BELL.

You may rejoice to think *yourselves* secure;
You may be grateful for the gift divine,—
That grace unsought which made your black hearts pure,
And fits your earth-born souls in heaven to shine.

But is it sweet to look around, and view
Thousands excluded from that happiness
Which they deserve at least as much as you—
Their faults not greater, nor their virtues less?

And wherefore should you love your God the more
Because to you alone his smiles are given:
Because he chose to pass the *many* o'er
And only bring the favored *few* to Heaven?

And wherefore should your hearts more grateful prove
Because for ALL the Savior did not die?
Is yours the God of Justice and of Love?
And are your bosoms warm with charity?

Say does your heart expand to all mankind?
And would you ever to your neighbor do—
The weak, the strong, the enlightened, and the blind,—
As you would have your neighbor do to you?

And when you, looking on your fellow-men,
Behold them doomed to endless misery,

How can you talk of joy and rapture then?
May God withhold such cruel joy from me!

That none deserve eternal bliss, I know;
Unmerited the grace in mercy given;
But none shall sink to everlasting wo,
That have not well deserved the wrath of Heaven.

And oh, there lives within my heart,
A hope long nursed by me;
And should its cheering ray depart,
How dark my soul would be!

That as in Adam all have died,
In Christ shall all men live;
And ever round his throne abide
Eternal praise to give.

That *even the wicked shall at last*
Be *fitted for the skies;*
And *when their dreadful doom is past*
To *life and light arise.*

I ask not how remote the day,
Nor what the sinner's woe,
Before their drop is purged away;
Enough for me to know,

That *when the cup of wrath is drained,*
The metal purified,
They'll cling to what they once disdained
And live by Him that died.

(From the 'Tenant of Wildfell Hall.')

"And remember, Helen," continued she, solemnly, "'the wicked shall be turned into hell, and they that *forget* God'."—And suppose, even, that he should continue to love you, and

you him, and that you should pass through life together with tolerable comfort, how will it be in the end, when you see yourselves parted forever; you perhaps taken into eternal bliss, and he cast into the lake that burneth with unquenchable fire—there forever to—"*Not forever*," I exclaimed, '*only till he has paid the uttermost farthing*;' *for*, '*if any man's work abide not the fire he shall suffer loss, yet himself shall be saved*, —— *but so as by fire*,' and 'he that is able to subdue all things unto himself, will have all men to be saved; and will, "in the fulness of time gather in one all things in Christ Jesus, who tasted death for every man, and in whom God will reconcile all things to himself, whether they be things in earth, or things in heaven."

"O Helen! where did you learn all this?"

"In the Bible, aunt. I have searched it through, and found nearly thirty passages, all tending to support the same theory."

"And is that the use you make of your Bible? And did you find no passages tending to prove the danger and falsity of such a belief?"

"No: I found, indeed, some passages that taken by themselves, might seem to contradict that opinion; but they will all bear a different construction to that which is commonly given, and in most, the only difficulty is in the word we translate "everlasting" or "eternal." I don't know the Greek, but I believe it strictly means for ages, and might signify either endless or long enduring. And as for the danger of the belief, I would not publish it abroad, if I thought any poor wretch would be likely to presume upon it

to his own destruction, *but it is a glorious thought to cherish in one's own heart, and I would not part with it for all the world can give.*"

Again:

"His lips moved but emitted no sound; then his looks became unsettled; and from the incoherent half uttered words that escaped him from time to time, supposing him to be now unconscious, I gently disengaged my hand from his, intending to steal away for a breath of air. O Frederic none can imagine the miseries, bodily and mental, of that death bed. How could I endure to think that that poor, trembling soul was hurried away to everlasting torment? it would drive me mad! But thank God! *I have hope* — not *only on* a vague dependence on the possibility that penitence and pardon might have reached him at the last, but *from the blessed confidence that, through whatever purging fires the erring spirit may be doomed to pass, whatever fate awaits it, still it is not lost, and God, who hateth nothing he hath made, will bless it in the end!*"

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER,

New England's Quaker Poet, has joined the great company of the gifted in uttering Gospel truth. This is his language:—

"In the economy of God, no effort, however small, put forth for the right cause, fails of its effect. No voice, however feeble, lifted up for Truth, ever dies amidst the confused noises of

Time. Through discords of Sin and Sorrow, Pain and Wrong, it rises a deathless melody, *whose notes of wailing are hereafter to be changed to those of triumph*, AS THEY BLEND WITH THE GREAT HARMONY OF A RECONCILED UNIVERSE!"

And this breathes the soul of Universalism:

TAULER.

Tauler, the preacher, walked, one autumn day,
Without the walls of Strasburg, by the Rhine,
Pondering the solemn Miracle of Life —
As one who wandering in the starless night,
Feels, momently, the jar of unseen waves,
And hears the thunder of an unknown sea,
Breaking along an unimagined shore.

And as he walked, he prayed. Even the same
Old prayer with which for half a score of years,
Morning and noon and evening, lip and heart
Had groaned: "Have pity upon me, O Lord!
Thou seest, while teaching others, I am blind:
Send me a man that can direct my steps!"

Then as he mused, he heard along his path
A sound as of an old man's staff among
The dry, dead linden leaves, and, looking up,
He saw a stranger, weak and poor and old.

"Peace be unto thee, father!" Tauler said,
"God give thee a good day!" The old man raised
Slowly his calm, blue eyes. "I thank thee, son;
"But *all* my days are good, and none are ill."

Wondering thereat, the Preacher spake again:
"God give thee happy life." The old man smiled;
"I never am unhappy."

Tauler laid
His hand upon the stranger's coarse gray sleeve:
"Tell me, oh! father, what thy strange words mean.
Surely man's days are evil, and his life
Sad as the grave it leads to." "Nay, my son,
Our times are in God's hands, and all our days
Are as our needs: for shadow as for sun,
For cold as heat, for want as wealth, alike
Our thanks are due, since that is best which is,
And that which is not sharing not His life,
Is evil only as devoid of good.
And for the happiness of which I spake,
I find it in submission to His will,
And calm trust in the holy Trinity
Of Knowledge, Goodness and Almighty Power.'

Silently wondering, for a little space,
Stood the great Preacher; then he spake as one
Who, suddenly grappling with a haunting thought
Which long has followed whispering through the dark,
Strange terrors, drags it, shrieking, into light:
"What if God's will consign thee hence to Hell?"

"Then," said the stranger, cheerly, "be it so.
What Hell may be I know not; this I know—
I cannot lose the presence of the Lord:
One arm, Humility, takes hold upon
His dear Humanity; the other, Love,
Clasps his Divinity. So, where I go
He goes; and better fire-walled Hell with Him,
Than golden-gated Paradise without."

Tears sprang in Tauler's eyes. A sudden light
Like the first ray which fell on chaos, clove
Apart the shadow wherein he had walked
Darkly at noon. And as the strange old man
Went his slow way, until his silver hair
Set like the white moon where the hills of vine
Slope to the Rhine, he bowed his head and said:
"My prayer is answered. God hath sent the man

Long sought, to teach me, by his simple trust,
Wisdom the weary schoolmen never knew."

So, entering with a changed and cheerful step
The city gates, he saw, far down the street,
A mighty shadow break the light of noon,
Which tracing backward till its airy lines
Hardened to stony plinths, he raised his eyes
O'er broad facade and lofty pediment,
O'er architrave and frieze and sainted niche,
Up the stone lace-work chiseled by the wise
Erwin of Steinbach, dizzily up to where,
In the noon brightness the great Minster's tower,
Jewelled with sunbeams on its mural crown,
Rose like a visible prayer. "Behold!" he said,
"The stranger's faith made plain before mine eyes!
As yonder tower outstretches to the earth
The dark triangle of its shade alone
When the clear day is shining on its top,
So, darkness in the pathway of Man's life
Is but the shadow of God's providence,
By the great Sun of Wisdom cast thereon;
And what is dark below is light in Heaven!"

DR. DODDRIDGE.

Dr. Doddridge, one of the canonized among popular Christians, must have doubted endless misery. He says:—"We cannot pretend to decide *a priori*, or previous to the event, so far as to say that the punishments of hell must and will certainly be eternal."

URIEL.

[This splendid production is from an unknown author. It appeared originally in the LONDON LEADER, an English publication, and deserves to be printed in letters of gold.]

The Seraph Uriel as the records tell
That angels write, from his allegiance fell;
And He who rules the world beyond the sun—
He in whom love and wisdom are made one—
Did hurl him from his royalty of light,
To dwell amid the souls that wail in night.
Then Uriel felt his beauty fade away,
And a great grief lay on him day by day;
But, as his splendor withered for his sin,
Stronger and brighter grew the love within;
And so in silence in his fiery jail,
He stood, rejoiced that love could yet prevail.

One day the ancient Gods that howl below
Accosted Uriel:—"Uriel, this great wo
Will never pass; the stars will seek the sun,
The universe shall end as it begun;
But through the endless circle of the years
That angels know, shall neither hopes nor fears
Visit the dwellers in this world of fire;
Therefore, when hate and anguish shall inspire,
Ease your full heart with curses deep as ours;
Your love will never win you Eden's bowers."

Then Uriel answered: "He who made the night,
Crown'd it with stars and with the pure delight
Of the clear moon: He who made all things frail,
Decrees that sovereign beauty shall prevail.
There is no sorrow, friends, but it has still
Some soul of sweetness in it; there's no ill
But comes from Him who made it, and is good

As fruit in season, leaf in budding wood.
But if in this drear world all hope were vain —
If penance were eternal — if such pain
He could inflict and I endure — my will
Would be to love, thro' all his cruel ill."

He ended; and the ancient Gods below
Ceased howling, when they saw the sweet, calm glow,
That wander'd over that good angel's face,
Making a moonlight round them, till the grace
That was in his brave bearing and mild speech
Melted the hatred from the hearts of each;
And they stood up, and thro' the streets of hell
The sound of countless voices rose and fell,
Praising the silent soul that dwells above,
Singing, "We love Thee, Lord, for Thou art Love.'

Then the dark dungeon burst its grates and bars,
And light came glowing in from suns and stars,
Lapsing down dreadful rifts; the shapes below
Saw fragments of blue sky above them glow,
Like windows through the rents; they felt the air
Cooling their branded foreheads; everywhere
They saw the faces of young angels shine,
And golden fingers point to thrones divine,
While a low whisper murmured like the breeze
That comes and goes on tops of mulberry trees;
And thus it said. "O, loving angels, rise,
Borne by strong love through the unfolding skies.
There is no sin, no sorrow, and no hell,
But they must cease, where hearts love long and well.
Where lips praise God in anguish and confess
There's love in pain — that even wrong can bless."

The whisper ceased; and every soul, forgiven
By Love for Love's sweet sake, went up to heaven.
Each stood before his throne — fair, glad and calm;
And God sat in the midst, and heard the psalm
Which joyful angels raised in chorus bland;
And Uriel sat like God, at God's right hand.

WILLIAM DUNCOMBE,

The author of Lucius Junius Brutus, once wrote to a friend:

"Vindictive justice in the Deity, is, I own, no article in my creed. All punishment in the hands of an infinitely wise and good being, I think must be medicinal, and what we call chastisement. *What St. Paul speaks more directly of the reconci iation of both Jews and Gentiles t› God, I am w lling to understand in a more extensive sense, of the general redemption of mankind, at the consummation of all things.*"

GEORGE RUST,

Bishop of Dromore, an Episcopal Ecclesiastic in Ireland, in a work on Origen, says: —

"*To think they (the damned) are not beyond the power of redress and recovery*, and that that great punishment they shall undergo, in this world, may contribute thereunto, and yet *to imagine* they *shall*, for all this their disposition, *be kept in it forever and ever, is to fix so harsh a note upon the mercy and equity of the righteous Judge of all the world, that the same temper in a man we should execrate and abominate.* . . .

'*Whithersoever we look*, whether to the gracious Providence of God, or the necessity of the nature of things, *we find some probable hope that the punishment of the damned*, as it implies the sense

of pain, *shall not be eternal*, in the highest sense of the word. But whether their release be by any change wrought in the disposition of their spirits, but without death; or whether by an escape, as it were, by dying to the body so tortured, there is no doubt to be made, but that both ways they may come into play again, and try their fortunes once more, in such regions of the world, as Providence judges fit for them!"

DR. EDWARD YOUNG

represents the lost soul, as saying:

"Why burst the barriers of my peaceful grave?
Ah, cruel Death, that would no longer save,
But grudg'd me e'en that narrow, dark abode,
And cast me out into the wrath of God!
Where shrieks the roaring flame, the rattling chain,
And all the dreadful eloquence of pain,
Our only song; black fires malignant light,
The sole refreshment of the blasted sight.
Must all those powers heaven gave me to supply
My soul with pleasure, and bring in my joy,
Rise up in arms against me, join the foe,
Sense, reason, memory, increase my woe?
And shall my voice, ordained on hymns to dwell,
Corrupt to groans, and blow the fires of Hell?
Oh, must I look with terror on my gain,
And with *existence only measure pain?*
What! no reprieve, no least indulgence given,
No beam of hope from any point of heaven?
Ah! Mercy! Mercy! art thou dead above?
Is *Love* extinguished, in the source of Love?"

Why did not the Doctor answer his question? He must have stated it as an objection to the

very thing he described. In his Night Thoughts he says:

"Pain is to save from pain; *all punishment*
To make for peace, and death to save from death:
And second death to guard immortal life!
By the same tenderness divine ordained,
That planted Eden, and high bloomed for man,
A fairer Eden endless in the skies.
Great Source of Good alone, how kind in all!
In vengeance KIND! *Pain, Death, Gehenna,* SAVE!"

Though Young believed in a future state of punishment, it must be that he did not regard it as endless. The fact recorded in Whittemore's History of Universalism, that Young recommended Hartley's and Clarke's Universalist publications, corroborates this.

"Father of Mercies! why from silent earth
Didst thou awake, and curse me into birth?
Tear me from quiet, banish me from night!
And make a thankless present of thy light?
Push into being a reverse of thee,
And animate a clod with misery?

The damned soul may well ask this question. But it proceeds to call God "*My* Help, *My* God," and to say:

"And canst thou, then, look down from perfect bliss,
And see me plunging in the dark abyss?
Calling thee Father in a sea of fire,—
Or pouring blasphemy at thy desire?"

Does it not seem that these lines were written that the reader might say, "No! No!"

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

The Martineaus, in common with English Unitarians, occupy substantially the same ground as American Universalists. Here are a few extracts from one of the most gifted women of modern times:

"Here, where I once doubted whether I had a *Maker*, and whether, if there were such an one, men did anything but mock themselves in calling him FATHER, are the best witnesses of my avowal, that *I have found these doubts to be the result of human creeds*, as far as they are impious, and that *I have reached*, through the very severity of the discipline, *a refuge whence I can never again be driven forth*, into the chaos of the elements, out of which my new life has been framed."

"Had Doddridge known God only as a *tender Father*, Christ only as his holy and approved Messenger, *sin and sorrow as finite and limited influences*, HOLINESS AND PEACE AS THE NATURAL AND ULTIMATE ELEMENTS OF BEING, how serene, how exalted might have been his mortal life!"

"Here may we best reconcile our minds to the approach of the night of death, and exalt our conceptions of *the Eternal Morning, which shall unclose every eye, and restore the long suspended energies of every soul.*"

ROBERT BURNS.

This Poet of Nature in many places on his undying pages has recorded his horror and detestation of popular Error, and his ardent aspirations for that Higher Faith then almost unknown in the world. Rev. Mr. GROSH quotes ALLAN CUNNINGHAM as saying:—"To a love of human nature he (BURNS) added an affection for the flowers of the valley, the fowls of the air, the beasts of the field; he acknowledged the tie of social sympathy which bound his heart to all created things, and carried *his universal good will so far as to* ENTERTAIN HOPES OF UNIVERSAL REDEMPTION, AND THE RESTORATION OF THE DOOMED SPIRITS TO POWER AND LUSTRE."

In harmony with the above sentiment he says:

'To give my counsels all in one,
Thy tuneful flame still careful fan;
Preserve the Dignity of Man,
With soul erect;
And trust the UNIVERSAL PLAN
WILL ALL PROTECT!'

So again he says:—

"Sure Thou, Almighty, *canst not act*
From cruelty *or wrath!*"

Again:—

"Where with intention I have erred,
No other plea I have,
But, Thou art good; and goodness still
Delighteth to forgive!

None of his readers can be ignorant of his horror of what was and is so falsely styled Evangelical Religion. For illustration:

"Ye'll get the best o' moral works,
'Mang black Gentoos and Pagan Turks,
Or hunters wild of Ponotaxi,
Wha never heard of Orthodoxy.
That *he's* the poor man's friend in need,
The gentleman in word and deed,
It's through no terror o' damnation;
It's just a carnal inclination.
Morality! thou deadly bane,
Thy tens o' thousands thou hast slain;
Vain is his hope whose stay and truth is
In moral mercy, truth, and justice.
No; stretch a point to catch a plack,
Abuse a brother to his back,
Be to the poor like onie whunstane,
And haud their noses to the grunstane;
Ply every art o' legal thieving;
No matter; stick to sound believing.
Learn three-mile prayers, and half-mile graces,
Wi' weel-spread looves, and lang, wry faces,
Grunt up a solemn, lengthened groan,
And damn a' parties but your own;
I'll warrant, then, ye're nae deceiver,
A steady, sturdy, staunch believer!"

In the same strain are Holy Willie's Prayer, and the Kirk's Alarm. Elsewhere referring to popular Error, he says:—

"Auld Orthodoxy lang did grapple,
But now she's got an unco rapple,
Haste, gie her name up i' the chapel,
Nigh unto death;
See how she fetches at the thrapple,
And gasps for breath.

"Enthusiasm's past redemption,
Gaen in a galloping consumption,
Not all the quacks wi' a' their gumption,
Will ever mend her;
Her feeble pulse gies strong presumption
Death soon will end her."

He also wrote those beautiful lines ending with—

"*no wanderer lost,*
A family in Heaven."

Other verses more accordant with the language ascribed to him by CUNNINGHAM, may be found. Thus:—

"Lord, help me thro' this world o' care,
I'm weary, sick o't, late and air,
Not but I have a richer share
Than many others;
But why should one man better fare,
AND ALL MEN BROTHERS?"

Again:—

"Let me, oh Lord, from life retire,
Unknown each *guilty, worldly fire,*
Remorse's throb, or loose desire;
And when I die,
Let me in this belief expire—
TO GOD I FLY."

MRS. SHERWOOD.

This delightful authoress, the most popular who had ever written, has developed the great idea, abundantly. Her works were in all the Sunday Schools in England and America, and were acknowledged as the best of books, when the lynx-eyed censors of the self-styled Church

began to see the tracks of heresy. At first they denied the genuineness of the books which held the idea of a final reconciliation, but at length the evidence could not be resisted, and she is now classed with "the sect everywhere spoken against." The 'Monk of Cimies,' 'Henry Milner,' 'Shanty the Blacksmith,' and perhaps others, develop the great truth. Here is a passage from Henry Milner:

"The morning was bright and clear, and Lord H—— had taken Henry to walk with him on the gravelly path on the sunny side of the house. "It is a solemn time, Henry," he said, "when friends are thus watching the hand of God lifted up to take the soul of a beloved object—when nothing more remains to be done than to smooth the pillow and to wait. On these occasions to what a summing up of man's state and condition on earth is the mind led! What is man, wherefore is he brought into existence? Why has he hopes, and desires, and feelings which are never satisfied? What madness is it which leads him to pursue the things of this world with so much and such unremitting anxiety? Wherefore is it that, from generation to generation, he never seems to gain any experience of the past, and wherefore are the mass even of religious people as incapable of answering these inquiries as were the philosophers of Greece and Rome?"

"Probably," replied Henry, "because they do not study the Scriptures."

"They do study them," replied Lord H——; "many study them, but they come to them with

a certain set of preconceived ideas, to which they endeavor to accommodate them; they do not shape their minds to the pattern of the Scriptures, but they force the Scriptures to the patterns of their own minds: for example, if Christ says, 'I come not to condemn the world, but to save the world,' they will not admit this assertion in its full sense, because they have certain established rules which limit its signification, or perhaps they may find another passage of Scripture, which *seems* to bear against it, in which case they take the passage which is in their favor, and reject the other, giving no weight at all to it; not perceiving that as the Scriptures are indited by one Spirit, wherever they seem to disagree, the apparent disagreement must be owing either to some defect in the mind of the reader, to false translations, or perhaps to ignorance of the circumstances attending the apparent contradictions. Thus, when a threatening under the law is brought in opposition to a promise under the gospel, the force of the first may seem to annul the strength of the latter; whereas, when the circumstances under which the two passages were inspired are understood, one belongs to one dispensation, and the other to another—a distinction which is so rarely attended to by our divines, that there is nothing more common in our discourses than to hear the threats of that law which is confessedly dead, brought to bear in full force on a large congregation of persons, acknowledging themselves to be Christians, by the only criterion by which we are permitted to judge, viz., by their presence in the Christian assembly." Lord H——

then proceeded to remark, that there are no means of accounting for the ways of God with man, but by what Scripture in its truth tells us respecting the work of salvation by Christ. "When we do not add to or diminish from the words of Scripture, but take them as they are delivered to us, then immediately such a light bursts upon us that we are no longer perlexed with the dealings of God with man. Consider only two passages which this moment occur to me: 'And he is the propitiation for our sins; and not for ours only, but also for *the sins of* the whole world.' 'But we see Jesus, who was made a little lower than the angels, for the suffering of death, crowned with glory and honor; that he by the grace of God should taste death for every man.' Can words be plainer than these passages? *Is it not giving God the lie*, then, to doubt his purposes toward man, and *to assert, as some do, that he has made creatures to be eternally miserable?* Yet," continues Lord H——, "these are subjects of such infinite solemnity, that we cannot contemplate them with too much awe, and ought ever to pray that we may not be permitted to decide lightly upon them, or to be suffered, in the opinions which we adopt respecting them, to lean upon our own understanding."

"I do think so," replied Henry," we cannot be too cautious when we speak of things of such vast importance. But, sir, *if the visible church*, and the professors of all descriptions, *have made a mistake* respecting the extent of the work of salvation, *have they not committed a grievous offence against their God and Saviour, by substituting vengeance when infinite*

love only is displayed, and making it appear that either the will or the power of the Redeemer was wanting to complete the work of salvation?"

"If Scripture was not so clear on this point as it is," replied Lord H——, "we ought to put our mouths in the dust and be silent; but even allowing, for argument's sake, that the intentions of God toward those who die in a hardened state are doubtful; supposing that the texts on either side are so balanced, as not to admit of decision upon the point, the one party, at least, ought to be as careful as the other in hazarding its opinions. The *one party ought to be as much afraid of giving offence by asserting that the misery of the wicked is eternal* in the face of such texts as these—'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, for therefore we both labor and suffer reproach, because we trust in the living God, who is the Saviour of all men, especially of them that believe.' I repeat, that the one party should at least be equally cautious with the other, and that there is the same reason for silencing one party as another by the plea that they are meddling with things too high for them, and coming to conclusions, which they cannot do, even by their own statements, without forcing some passages and adding words to others not found in the original text."

"You think, my lord, then," said Henry, "that *we may sum up all the purposes of God toward man in one word, and that is love;* and that all the follies, all the pains, all the sorrow, and even *all the offences of man, are permitted for his ultimate good.*"

"I do," replied Lord H——, "and I am assured that I have not been suffered to expect too much: this is not an error which has ever been charged on a child of God from the beginning of time."

The subjoined language from the 'Monk of Cimies', is in point: —

"But the worthy man— Mr. Short — had so many inventions, either of his own or of others, for weakening the force of the words of Scripture, and for proving that our reformers could not possibly mean all they asserted, though for the most part, these assertions had their parallel passages in Scripture, that he left my mind much in the same state of confusion in which he found it. For instance, where in the first article it is asserted, that God is the maker and preserver of all things, he brought various evidences to prove to me that there were, of course, many exceptions to this assertion; or rather, that the word "preserve" had two significations, and would apply as fitly to the keeping of the wicked *for*, and *in*, eternal damnation, as for keeping the righteous for everlasting life, not considering that the Scripture saith, "that the long suffering of God is salvation." 2 Pet. iii. 15.

"The article which I consider most faulty, is the 8th, in which our establishment, in inconsistency with herself and with that which she had declared in her 6th article, hath given three creeds, which are confessedly composed by men, to be thoroughly received and believed. In consequence of this departure from her own princi-

ples, it is to be apprehended that she has done much to hide from the eyes of her children, the height, the breadth, and the depth, of the work of salvation through Christ our Lord. The clauses here alluded to, are found in the latter part of the creed of Athanasius, and are to this effect;—At whose coming (Christ's) all men shall rise again, with their bodies, and shall give account for their own works; and they that have done good shall go into everlasting life, and they that have done evil, into everlasting fire. This is the Catholic faith, which, except a man believe faithfully, he cannot be saved. Athanasius was probably a holy man; meaning well to religion, but at most, he is human authority; and whatever word he might have used to express his ideas in the original, *certain it is, that the Greek word in the Testament, rendered 'forever and everlasting,' &c., in our translation, does not convey the idea of eternal and everlasting, but a cycle of an age, or that which belongs to a cycle or age.*"

In another passage, referring to a former writer, she says:—

"*The gospel*, by the grace of God, *bringeth salvation to all men;* but few, in comparison, have seen this, so as cordially to fall in with and confess it, when *by all men is to be understood, every individual of the human race. Some, indeed, in every period of the Christian Church, have seen and acknowledged this*, but by one means or other, this excellency of the gospel has been hidden from the eyes of the generality of both preachers and hearers." "So far," she

continues, "my author, — and to this quotation I add my own observations, that the dread which the visible church has ever entertained of going too far in religious matters, and of following the words of Scripture to the lengths which they are prepared to carry any candid student, has sealed up more souls in ignorance, under the present dispensation, than any other feeling whatever, not exactly equivalent to wilful obstinacy. A philosopher examines a number of facts, and ascertains the law which governs; other facts subsequently occur, which are not explained by the same law. Another law, more general, is found to apply to both series; there are, however, some few remaining, which are not explained by this more general law; it is not universally applicable. These residual phenomena require further investigation. Now the philosopher does not throw aside these residual phenomena, but having established the laws applicable to the facts before examined, he seeks a still more general law, which shall embrace the whole. Such is the system adopted by the man of science, while the student of religion starts at the idea of following any principle, however important, as far as it would carry him. He has a *but*, an *if*, and an *exception* to tack upon every promise, and a *condition* to attach to every declaration of free salvation through Christ the Saviour; he often, even when acknowledging the first principle, denies the deduction; and according to this plan, did Mr. Short carry on his instructions with me. I remember well, in the examination of the second article, saying, if Christ died to reconcile his Father to us, and to

be a sacrifice, not only for original guilt, but also for all the actual sins of men, then are all men saved. (Isaiah liii. 6.) My tutor started at this expression, which he called Antinomian, and spent an hour or more, to prove to me that the work of salvation, by Christ, certainly did not, nor could extend to those who reject Christ, but to those only, who, through faith in him, are enabled to produce the fruits of holy living. 'There is no *but*, nor *if*, nor *exception*, in the words of the article,' I replied, 'and does not the Scripture say, that "as in Adam all die, so in Christ shall all be made alive?' "

In "Shanty the Blacksmith," the "faith once delivered to the Saints" is fully stated:

"He was very much pleased, when she first read a chapter in the Bible, and then it was that he first opened out to her some of his ideas on religion; which were much clearer and brighter than either Mrs. Margaret's or her nephew's. How this poor and solitary old man had obtained these notions does not appear; he could not have told the process himself, though, as he afterwards told Tamar, all the rest he knew, had seemed to come to him, through the clearing and manifestation of one passage of Scripture, and this passage was Col. iii. 11. "But Christ is all."

"This passage," said the old man, "stuck by me for many days. I was made to turn it about and about, in my own mind, and to hammer it every way, till at length I was made to receive it, in its fulness. Christ, I became persuaded, is not all to one sort of men, and not all to

another sort; nor all at one time of a man's life, and not all at another; nor all in one circumstance of need, and not all in another; nor all to the saint, and not all to the sinner; nor all in the hour of joy, and not all in the hour of retribution; being ready and able to supply one want, and unwilling to supply another. "For," as he would add, "does a man want righteousness? there it is laid for him in Christ; does he want merit? there is the treasure full and brimming over; does he want rest and peace? they are also provided for him; does he want faith? there also is faith prepared for him; but the times and the seasons, these are not given to him to know; and if confusion and every evil work now prevail, Christ being all, he will bring order out of confusion, when the fulness of the time shall come."

"And so," continued the old man, "when it was given me to see and accept this one passage first, in its completeness, all other parts of Scripture seemed to fall at once in their places; and the prophecies, the beautiful prophecies of future peace and joy to the earth, of the destruction of death and of hell, all opened out to me, as being hidden and shut up in Christ — for Christ is all; and as I desired the treasure, so I was drawn more and more toward Him who keeps the treasure, and all this," he would add, "was done for me, through no deserts or deservings of my own; for, till this light was vouchsafed me, I was as other unregenerate men, living only to myself, and for myself; and more than this," he would say, "were it the Divine will to withdraw the light, I should turn again to be dead and hard, as iron on the cold anvil." In this way, Shanty often used to talk to Mrs. Marga-

ret, and after a while to Tamar; but the old lady for many years remained incapable of entering so entirely as he could wish, into his views of the sufficiency of the Redeemer. She could not give up entirely her notions of the need of some works, not as evidences of the salvation of an individual, but as means of ensuring that salvation, and accordingly she never met with Shasty for many years, without hinting at this discrepancy in their opinions, which hints seldom failed of bringing forward an argument."

In 1839, she wrote a letter to Rev. Dr. Thom, of Liverpool, England, avowing herself a Universalist.

JOHN COOPER VAIL.

This wild and mystic rhyme is by a young and promising Poet. It declares what would be the final result, even if the "doctrines of devils" were true. They must cease to be, as devils, or God could not exist.

THE REDEMPTION OF LUCIFER.

A MYSTERY.

PRELUDE.

TIME was no more,—Day had no dawn,
    Eternity alone reigned on;
The Universe had ceased to be,
Save as a wild, vast mystery —
A page in Fate's strange history,
    Elohim wrote upon.

All Ether seemed an ocean dark —
Each voiceless world a shattered bark,
    At weary anchor lay;
Though some, by dread convulsions wide,
Were thrown together on the tide —
Together crumbled side by side,
    All silently away,—

And space was peopled with strange things,—
They wore not angel forms nor wings, —
    Still as the stagnant wind
They stood apart with folded hands,
Or glided over former strands;
Sometimes they sought amid the sands
    For something they would find.

Hush'd was the dark Volcano's roar, —
The waves had ceased to beat the shore,
    As when the Ocean swells;
Pale lights would from its bosom gleam,
Like ghostly faces in a dream,
As phosphorescent fires beam,
    Where darkness only dwells.

A shoreless void — a soundless sky,
Where clouds of darkness hovered by,
    With pinions ever free,—
As when the gates of night unbar
Their sable folds, bound ev'ry star
That stagnant loomed through space afar,
    Like wrecks upon a sea.

The stars had faded one by one,
Each planet, asteroid and sun,
    That form a system vast,
Till on its solitary throne,
An orbit trembled all alone —
A single seed that Light had sown
    In countless ages past.

It wheeled alone with pallid hue,
And rays that faint and fainter grew,
Then vanished.—Nature slept.
The warrior lay upon his bier —
None lived to shed a kindly tear,
And waves of darkness bore the sphere
That had for myriads wept.

It was a world of glory rare,
None brighter clove the fields of air
Built by celestial trains;
It wore great Lyra's lofty plan —
The burning blush of Alderbaran,
And Cygne's silver-surges ran
Through all its countless veins.

Upon a rock whose solid base
Had mocked the elements of space,
A mighty being stood; —
He gazed upon the sea of night,
Where worlds had bathed in floods of light;
No mourner shed a pinion bright
O'er Nature's widowhood.

The Past led forth its marshaled hosts
Of things that were the solemn ghosts —
All pale and bright by turns;
A centre their resemblance sought,
And to the mirror of his thought
Each phantom reminiscence brought,—
As circled Saturn burns.

The tide of Fate far backward rolled;
Eternal chronicles untold
Like shadows seemed to rise,
Till he in Heaven stood again,
The leader of Elohim's train —
A being pure from ev'ry stain,
He walked fair Paradise.

As chosen one, his trumpet's sound
Awoke the depths of space profound,
And shook each crystal tower;
As chosen one, his sword of flame
Was stampt with God's most holy name,*
And angels wondered at the fame
Of Lucifer's great power.

The bright scene changed; Ambition's theme
Came o'er his spirit like a dream,
And thought with thought dissolved.
Shall he or I the vassal be?
I am immortal, fearless, free!
Now, by his great Eternity,
To reign I am resolved!

He failed,—his marshaled legions stanch,
Fell like the wheeling avalanche,
Headlong through darkness down;
And surging thunders seemed to knell,
Thine is the destiny of Hell!
As he through desert-blackness fell,
Beneath Elohim's frown.

THE PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

Like a Mihrage, glorious, golden, rose a city to his view,
Yet transparent as the vapor from the Ocean's bosom drew;
For the pale, cold stars beyond it seemed to shimmer through and through.

And it seemed a bright chimera, fairest of immortal things,
Sleeping calmly in the distance as it rocked on angel-wings—

*According to the Hebrew chronicles the most holy name of God is IAH; and they relate that when it is spoken the very angels in Heaven tremble.

Like a thought the poet's fancy from the heart of Eden
brings.

And each surging wave of darkness felt its living
presence now;
All that laved its crystal basis to its glory seemed to
bow.
For each retreating billow wore a rainbow on its brow.

There were faces all familiar in the golden times long
past,—
Once he caught the pale reflection of Elohim's lofty
cast,
And he bowed as bows the Forest to the wild
Tornado's blast.

He saw the trees and flowers he had wandered oft
among;
He heard the Harp, though faintly, like a distant echo
rung:
There was one he well remembered, with its silken
chords unstrung.

Louder than those faint hosannas seemed a voice of
praise alone,
And he saw a white-winged angel bending nearest to
the throne,
And his heart's core strangely quivered, for that bright
form was his own.

But the fair and lovely pageant seemed a fainter hue
to wear,
As if each crystal castle was dissolving in the air,
Till the leaden stars were gazing alone on his despair.

For this bright and lovely city to his vision seemed to
fade,
As a summer cloud will shiver by a breath of wind
unmade;
And he gazed as on Sahara by the burning sand
betrayed.

Then the darkness seemed to crumble, as he grasped
it in his hands,—
Crumble like the foaming billow, as it smites upon the
sands,
When the sea-tide wheels it forward with the strength
of iron bands.

For before him in its terror shone the fallen angel's
doom,
Like a sea of molten lava on the horizon of gloom,
Where the burning billows reveled in a fiery mælstrom.

There were beings strange and varied, gathered from
each faded world,
In the foam of liquid sulphur round the boiling vortex
hurled,
Like a Sodom ever burning, with the flag of wrath
unfurled.

And some with forms like angels, swam the awful
soundless tide,
Beings from those mighty systems that the Universe
divide,
And all Earth's unbelievers in the Holy Crucified.

There were beings chained in horror, from the burning
planet Mars,—
Some from distant, pale Uranus, that our solar system
bars,
And others, more than mortal, from the glorious fixed
stars.

Far above this zone of torment an eternal blackness
rolled,
Like a pall o'er living corpses, swept its avalanchine
fold,
While for the dead undying its heart of thunder tolled.

Still he knew that all were shriven, and his fate the
darker seemed

When the lake of lava vanished like a thought that he
had dreamed;
And he, the proud archangel, was the only unredeemed.

Then an orb of spotless beauty shone upon the
soundless void,
As pure as ever poet in his wildest dream enjoyed—
Gleaming in its modest glory like a blushing asteroid.

On its bosom Asia nestled, with its wealth of tropic
flowers;
There smiling Eden centered, with its golden-girded
hours,
Where the weary angels rested in its dewy-spangled
bowers.

And bright and faithful warders watched this gem of
countless price;
Rose Ararat beyond it with its lofty dome of ice,
That the cold North wind had frozen in each curious
device.

He saw the bright Euphrates throw its silver waves
apart,
Like the rock of Horeb gushing by the prophet's holy
art,
Or the poet's lofty rhythm as it ripples from the heart.

Thus in Fate's eternal drama he saw each act rehearse,
Forced to play the fearful tempter by Elohim's awful
curse,
While each star and sun and system clove the boundless
Universe.

Past the mighty panorama, and his fettered soul was
free;
On the wild rock, marked by ages, bent the fallen
angel's knee,—
And a prayer rolled up the darkness to the throne of
Deity.

With no avalanche to crush it, as it winged its upward flight,
Rose that prayer arrayed in sorrow, yet so beautiful and bright,
That it seemed God's fairest jewel when it reached the halls of light.

But the highest hosts of Heaven are the only ones that dare
To breathe the import only of that long forbidden prayer,
That shall make the lost archangel his primeval glory wear.

As the burning bush on Sinai did the Shepherd seer surprise,
All shall see the star of Mercy on the wings of prayer arise,
To guide the last-forgiven to the gates of Paradise.

SIR JAMES STEPHEN, K. C. B.

This eminent essayist, though an ardent defender of the Episcopal Church, is one of the many thousands of her children who revolts from her darling dogma of endless hell torments. He tells us that the True Catholic Belief and Life, are, God is Light, and God is Love. He speaks also of the progress of the mythical system of Strauss, and then says:

"The real, though often unavowed, ground of the doubts which are thus overclouding the spirits of so many of the nominal disciples of Christ, is the hopeless dejection with which they contemplate that part of the christian scheme which is

supposed to consign the vast majority of our race to a future state, in which woe, inconceivable in amount, is also eternal in duration. *From this doctrine the hearts of most men turn aside*, not only with an instinctive horror, but with an invincible incredulity; of those who believe that it really proceeded from the lips of Christ himself, many are sorely tempted by it either to doubt the divine authority of any of his words, or to destroy their meaning by conjectural evasions of their force."

Thousands have rejected Christianity, supposing that it taught this foul error. Shaftesbury, Frances Wright, Robert Dale Owen have confessed it. The faith of Sir James however, is too strong in the Bible. He has no sympathy with any sort of skepticism, "yet," he says, "we would venture to inquire, or rather to suggest the inquiry, whether any sufficient authority really exists, for asserting that either Christ himself, or His apostles, taught the doctrine of a penal retribution, which is to be eternal, in the sense in which we believe the Deity Himself to be eternal.

"With the exception of one dubious expression in the Book of Daniel, the Old Testament is entirely silent on the subject of the eternity of future punishment. The same thing is true of a very large majority of the books of the New Testament."

In reference to Matt. xxv, 46, he says: "No human being knows, or ever can know what were

the very words which thus fell from the lips of Christ. They were spoken in a dialect of the Syro Chaldaic. No one even knows with any certainty whether our extant Greek version of them proceeded from the pen of St. Matthew. On the hypothesis adopted by many high critical authorities, we must believe the contrary. Assuming, however, that the hand of our inspired writer did trace the very words *eis Rolasin aionion* it will yet not necessarily follow that either of those words is a precise equivalent for the original which it represents, because for terms so abstract, perfectly precise equivalents can seldom, if ever, be found in languages so essentially dissimilar as the Syro-Chaldaic and Greek." On the supposition, however, that Christ uttered the exact words, he says,—"They might be rendered with literal accuracy "lifelong punishment." He thinks Christians should lean towards that intepretation which harmonises with Infinite Love, and adds,—"The angel who descended from heaven and proclaimed to the shepherds the incarnation of the Redeemer, announced himself as the herald, 'of good tidings of great joy which should be to all people.' But if it be indeed true, that he who was thus made incarnate, proclaimed an eternity of unutterable woe to the vast majority of those, who, from generation to generation throng our streets, our

marts, and our churches, how shall we reconcile the angelic announcement with this awful proclamation?

"The Bible teaches us that Christ came into the world to bruise the serpent's head, to destroy the works of the devil, and to establish the kingdom of God; and Christ himself declared, that he "saw Satan like lightning fall from heaven." Is it reasonable to accept any construction of the other words of Christ, which would seem to ascribe to the spirit of Evil an eternal triumph over the spirit of Good, in the persons of the vast majority of the race whom he lived and died to redeem? . . . . . .

"Do not all the analogies of the Divine Government raise a strong presumption against that interpretation of our Saviour's discourse, which represents him as foretelling a future economy of things, in which evil not remedial, but penal, not transient, but eternal, is to be the doom of the vast majority of the children of Adam."

Most pertinently does he inquire: "Does the world — does the church — do her ministers — do her saints really believe this part of the language of our Redeemer, in that sense, in which they familiarly interpret it? Why have our preachers time to engage in study, to harmonize the periods of their sermons, to devote one superfluous instant to food, to repose, or to occupy themselves with any other thing than the proclam-

ation of the horrors of the approaching calamity?" He concludes by hoping, against the most of his Church, that no rational being will ever be exiled beyond the reach of that mercy which endureth forever.

The following definition of Optimism, is from the same great publication, — the Edinburgh Review, — and was perhaps written by the same brilliant Essayist. He says: "It is a devout conviction, that, under the government of a benevolent and all-powerful God, everything conduces ultimately to the best in the world he has created, and that mankind, the constant objects of his paternal care, are in a perpetual state of improvement and increased happiness. *This is a great and consoling fact*, THE SUMMARY OF ALL RELIGION AND ALL PHILOSOPHY, *the reconciler of all misgivings, and the source of all comfort and consolation.* An optimist *may* be wrong, but presumption and religion are in his favor; nor can we positively pronounce anything to be for final evil, until the end of all things has arrived, and the whole scheme of creation is revealed to us. Does not every architect complain of the injustice of criticising a building before it is half finished? Yet, who can tell what volume of the creation we are in at present, or what point the structure of our moral fabric has attained?"

P. J. BAILEY,

the author of "Festus," the Poem of the Nineteenth Century, causes the great truth of the Final Redemption of Man, to burn along the golden lines of his thought with the electric light of Love:

"——They who read not in the blest belief,
That *all souls* may be saved, read to no end,
We were made to be saved."

Again:

"Nought eternal is
But that which is of God. *All pain and wo*
Are therefore finite."

"I come to repay sin with holiness,
And death with immortality; man's soul
With God's Spirit; *all evil with all good.*
All men have sinned; and as for all I died,
All men are saved. Oh! *not a single soul,*
Less than the countless all can satisfy
The infinite triumph which to me belongs."

And near the end, he says:

"The hour is named
When seraph, cherub, angel, saint, man, fiend,
Made pure and unbelievably uplift
Above their present state — drawn up to God,
Like dew into the air — shall be all heaven;
And all souls shall be in God."

Again:

"Thus heavenward all things tend, for all were once
Perfect, and *all must be at length restored,*
So God has greatly purposed; who would else,
In his dishonored works himself endure
Dishonor, and be wronged without redress."

Again:

"*But human nature is not infinite,*
And, therefore, CANNOT *suffer, endlessly.*"

"Evil is
Good in another way we are not skilled in."

"And though ye died,
And fell, and fell again, and again died,
There is a life to come, *a rise for all,*
A life to come forever, and a rise
Perpetual as the spring is in the year.

One more passage from this wonderful author, and we leave him:

GOD.

"Stay, Spirit! All created things unmade
It suits not the eternal laws of good,
That Evil be immortal. In all space
Is joy and glory, and the gladdened stars
Exultant in the sacrifice of sin,
And of all human matter in themselves,
Leap forth as though to welcome Earth to Heaven—
Leap forth and die. All nature disappears.
Shadows are passed away. Through all is light.
Man is as high above temptation now,—
And where by Grace he always shall remain
As ever sun o'er sea; and *sin is burned*
In hell to ashes with the dust of death.
The worlds themselves are but as dreams within
Their souls who lived in them, and thou art null,
And thy vocation useless, gone with them.
Therefore shall Heaven rejoice in thee again,
And *the lost tribes of angels,* who with thee
Wedded themselves to woe, and all who dwell
Around the dizzy centres of all worlds,
Again be blessed with the blessedest.

Lo! *ye are all restored, rebought, rebrought*
To Heaven by Him who cast ye forth, your God.
Receive ye tenfold of all gifts and powers.
And thou, who cam'st to Heaven to claim one soul,
Remain possessed by all. The sons of bliss
Shall welcome thee again, and all thy host,
Whereof thou first in glory as in woe —
In brightness as in darkness erst — shalt shine.
Take, Lucifer, thy place. This day art thou
Redeemed to archangelic state. Bright child
Of morning, once again thou shinest fair
O'er all the starry ornaments of light.

LUCIFER.—The highest and the humblest I of all
The beings thou hast made, Eternal Lord!

ANGEL.—Behold, they come, the legions of the lost,
Transformed already by the bare behest,
Of God our Maker, to the purest form
Of seraph brightness.

THE RESTORED ANGELS.—His be all the praise!
And ours submissive thanks. *When Evil had done*
Its worst, then God most blessed us and forgave.
Oh, he hath triumphed over all the world,
In mercy over death, and earth, and hell!

SON OF GOD.

All God hath made are saved. HEAVEN IS COMPLETE!"

FREDERIKA BREMER,

the beautiful Swede, whose works have caused the Graces of Life to spring up in a thousand homes in America, cherishes and proclaims the same great idea, pages of which we might quote:

"Even in this life God wills that man shall partake of the fulness of this life, but what before

all does Christianity say? *God is Love.* He will, therefore, never cease to desire the delivery of every man; here, there, *in eternity he will labor for it.* God is the only principle ever the same, ever active. O! certainly the time will come, when the Son, the Eternal Word, shall have subdued all to the Father, to the Eternal Mind!"

Again:

"Let us, then, hope for all; the way may be more difficult for some natures than for others; but He who is bright, and good, and eternally consistent, will sometime let his voice be heard, and raise them to light and harmony."

Again:

"How has man fallen? 'Because he allowed himself to be conquered by temptation,'—say the traditions of our race. Who tempted him? God? Impossible. The devil? I cannot believe in the devil as a personal existence, nor in evil as a Kingdom. If there were a personal being, whose will was opposed to that of God, eternal like him, the ruler of a kingdom at enmity with God, there would be no room for calling this power evil; to its worshippers it could give, as God does, eternal life, that is, the fulness of life which they love; for example, sensual pleasure, hatred, envy, selfishness, cruelty, &c. If we could think of evil as an independent, self-sufficing power, then it would be, if it should be conquered in the contest with the so-called good, subjected not as evil, but as the weaker power. * * * But now, wherever evil ap-

pears, it comes not as an organizing, always as a separating, destroying power. What then is evil? In its origin, probably a servant of Good, as the shadow to the light, but which has wandered from its destination; a servant who has come to wear its master's clothes, and who disguised in them seeks to play his part. * * God, as the idea of God, as living goodness, must exclude all evil from his being. This exclusion, however, supposes the possibility of evil; hence follows a choice, the condition of Freewill. * * But God, the eternally good, the highest love, will he forsake his fallen, his wretched child? Will he do less than an earthly mother for her own? O, no; he will never turn away his face; he will seek his child; he will call him; he will suffer; he will give his heart's blood to win him again, to unite him again to himself. If God lives in holier worlds as a dispenser of blessedness, he must live on earth as a reconciler. The hymn of regret and home-sickness which has arisen on earth from time immemorial,—this inward cry, 'Come, Lord!' is from everlasting to everlasting answered with, 'Here, my child!'

'Here, my child!'—Yes, O my God, in this word, in this futurity, thy child believes with his whole heart, and by the light of the doctrine of reconciliation, I see life and the world arrange themselves before my eyes. If I believe in God, the All Good, and rich in love, I believe also in the Redeemer of the world, believe that the life which the heart seeks truly exists, and will gladly impart itself to us. I believe that it constantly comes nearer and nearer to us, until it has removed all obstacles, and unites itself with us

fully and intimately. I believe that our God is no niggardly giver; *I believe that he will give us all, his* FULNESS OF LIFE,—HIMSELF; I believe, that as Eternal Love, he will suffer for and with us until he lives in us wholly. * * I know well to whom I must go to find what I seek. I will go to Him who, holy himself, calls man to the highest holiness. to resemblance to God, who announced the kingdom of God on earth, who suffered and struggled as a man, but conquered as a God: to whom the powers of Nature were subject when he willed it; I will go to the Crucified, to the Arisen, to God, who, in Christ, has reconciled the world unto himself. Life is the development of a splendid drama. The scene which we perform here, and shall perhaps for a long time afterwards, is called Reconciliation. When we are again entered into God's eternal order, then our life will develop itself in undisturbed freedom and blessedness, and the drama will become, then, the unfolding of Eternal Love in every sphere of life."

"Yes, I will preach of Hope, and this in prison, by land and on sea. I will cry it in the ear of the dying malefactor, will shout it, even to the other side of death, to the other side of the grave,—I will cry it into endless Eternity, "Hope ye, hope ye!"

Here follows a specimen of what we call our fugitive literature, frequently as pure and elegant as that of the best authors. It kills out the idea of Total Depravity with a smooth stone from the Brook of Truth.

WE'VE ALL OUR ANGEL SIDE.

Despair not of the better part
  That lies in human kind—
A gleam of light still flickereth,
  In e'en the darkest mind;
The savage with his club of war,
  The sage so mild and good,
Are link'd in firm eternal bonds
  Of common brotherhood.
Despair not! Oh! despair not, then,
  For through this world so wide,
No nature is so demon-like
  But there's an angel side.

The huge rough stones from out the mine,
  Unsightly and unfair,
Have veins of purest metal hid
  Beneath the surface there;
Few rocks so bare but to their heights
  Some tiny moss plant clings,
And round the peaks, so desolate,
  The sea-bird sits and sings.
Believe me, too, that rugged souls
  Beneath their rudeness hide
Much that is beautiful and good—
  We've all our angel side.

In all there is an inner depth—
  A far off, secret way,
Where, through dim windows of the soul,
  God sends his smiling ray;
In every human heart there is
  A faithful sounding chord,
That may be struck unknown to us,
  By some sweet loving word;
The wayward heart in vain may try
  Its softer thoughts to hide,
Some unexpected tone reveals
  It has its angel side.

Despised and low, and trodden down,
  Dark with the shade of sin;
Deciphering not those halo lights
  Which God hath lit within;
Groping about in utmost night,
  Poor prison'd souls there are,
Who guess not what life's meaning is,
  Nor dream of Heaven afar;
Oh! that some gentle hand of love
  Their stumbling steps would guide,
And show them that, amidst it all,
  Life has its angel side.

Brutal, and mean, and dark enough,
  God knows some natures are,
But he, compassionate, comes near —
  And shall we stand afar?
Our cruse of oil will not grow less,
  If shared with hearty hand,
And words of peace and looks of love
  Few natures can withstand.
Love is the mighty conqueror —
  Love is the beauteous guide —
Love with her beaming eye can see
  We've all our angel side.

A DEVOUT ASPIRATION.

[From "The Butterfly," an anonymous poem.]

If with Deity 'tis just
That a *worm* goes back to dust;
Tell me, tell me, ye who can,
What supports the hope of Man?
What have we received by birth,
More than crumbles back to earth?
O, I'd die to-day, to know
That it is not even so.

Yet, if this *be* all we get,
We should make the most of it.
Let us love and laugh our fill;
Let the senses have their will;
And, to check the gushing tear,
Since we know that death is near,
Hope some other world of bliss
Will amend the wrongs of this.

Hold!—the SOUL OF NATURE saith,
There is no such thing as death:
Every form is marked by Change,
But to take a Higher Range.
On the metamorphosis
In a folded chrysalis,
HOPE this truth may predicate:
ALL THAT LIVE DOTH HEAVEN AWAIT.

LUCIFER REDUX.

This sublime chant is by an unknown author, whose heart was touched by a coal from off the Altar of Infinite Love.

Prince of the fallen stars,
Thy front shall lose its scars!
The fires shall cease to burn,
Thy legions shall return!

A ray shall pierce the gloom
A voice dissolve the doom;
The victor shall relent,
The brazen chains be rent!

The demon's crown of woe
No more shall gird thy brow;
The fires shall cease to burn,
Thy legions shall return!

The dark pavilions spread
Within thy kingdom dread;
The palaces of pain,
Like dreams, shall melt and wane.

And Eden's flag unrolled,
Again thy helm enfold;
The fires shall cease to burn,
Thy legions shall return!

The mystic feud shall end,
Thy willing knees shall bend;
Once more the central throne
Thy homage bright shall own.

In heaven thy starred domain
Shall greet its chief again;
The fires shall cease to burn,
Thy legions shall return!

Thine ancient halls of state,
So long left desolate,
Shall ring with joy once more,
Shall bloom with wreath and flower.

The constellations bright
The torches of the night,
Around thy steps shall chant
A pæan jubilant.

The wheels that o'er thee drove,
The sword thy mail that clove,
Shall lead thy glad return,
Before thy march shall burn!

"GOD SHALL BE ALL IN ALL."

BY A. G. CAMPBELL.

I deem they greatly err, who hold
  That He who made the human soul,
  Will not its destines control
For final good — but, wrathful, fold
It in the shrouds of hopeless wo,
  Of deathless gloom, of quenchless fire,
  The creatures of his vengeful ire,
Whence it can never ransom know.

The Lord is Love — and though his rod
  Fall on us with chastising care,
  E'en while its bitter pangs we bear,
We feel and know 'tis for our good
He sends his chastenings:—but His arms
  Are ever round us to sustain,
  To lead us to himself again,
And save us from the futures' harms.

So, in the world to come, His love
  Shall freely unto all abound: —
  Even prisoners in the depths profound
Shall see his kind face beam above
Their dreary cells, and hear His voice,
  Unheeded once, in mercy call,—
  "Turn, turn to me and live!" and all
Shall hear the summons and rejoice.

Lost men, lost angels, shall return:—
  Satan himself be purified:
  Death shall be conquered in his pride,
And hell's fierce fires shall cease to burn.
Then shall our God be all in all—
  His love bear universal sway;
  His love preserves all souls for aye,
Nor shall the weakest fear a fall.

ALEXANDER SMITH,

A young writer of great promise, in whose praise the English critics are enthusiastic, has charged his volume, lately published, with the electric fire of truth. Among other things, he says:—

> "God is a worker. He has thickly strewn
> Infinity with grandeur. God is love.
> He yet shall wipe away Creation's tears,
> And all the worlds shall summer in his smile."

SOAME JENYNS.

This choice author, in his "Origin of Evil," gives us some fine passages on the subject of the final triumph of Good. He says:—

> "If there's a power above us,
> (And that there is, all nature cries aloud
> Through all her works,) he must delight in virtue,
> And that which he delights in must be happy."

"Death, the *last and most dreadful of all evils*, is so far from being one, that it is the infallible cure of all others."

> "*To die is landing on some silent shore,*
> *Where billows never beat, nor tempests roar;*
> Ere well we feel the friendly stroke, 'tis o'er."* *

"How little they (ministers) God's counsels comprehend,
The universal parent, guardian, friend!
Who forming by degrees to bless mankind,
This globe our sportive nursery assigned.
Scarce any ill to human life belongs,
But what our follies cause, or mutual wrongs,
Or *if some stripes from Providence we feel,*
He strikes with pity, and but wounds to heal!

O would mankind but make these truths their guide,
And force the helm from prejudice and pride,
Were once these maxims fix'd, *that God's our friend,*
Virtue our good, and *happiness our end,*
How soon must reason o'er the world prevail,
And error, fraud, and superstition fail.
None would hereafter, then, with groundless fear,
Describe the Almighty cruel and severe,
Inflicting endless pain for transient crimes,
And favoring sects or nations, men or climes.
None would fierce zeal for piety mistake,
Or malice, for whatever tenets' sake,
Or think salvation to a few confin'd,
And Heaven too narrow to contain mankind."

* * * * *

ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD.

This most amiable and talented writer, who lived to the ripe age of 82, was full of the impartial gospel. It was her open profession, and inward faith. Leigh Hunt, who knew her well, declares the fact. She says, among other things:

"No one who embraces the common idea of future torments, together with the doctrine of election and reprobation, the insufficiency of virtue to escape the wrath of God, and the strange absurdity which, it should seem, through similarity of sound alone, has been admitted as an axiom, that sins committed against an infinite being, do therefore deserve infinite punishment, no one, I will venture to assert, can believe such tenets, and have them often in his thoughts, and yet be cheerful. The God of the Assembly's Catechism is not the same God with the Deity of Thompson's Seasons. We often boast, and

with reason, of the purity of our religion, as opposed to the grossness of the theology of the Greeks and Romans; but we should remember that cruelty is as much worse than licentiousness, as a Molock is worse than a Satyr.

The age which has demolished dungeons, rejected torture, and given so fair a prospect of abolishing the iniquity of the slave trade, cannot long retain among its articles of belief, the heart-withering perspective of cruel and never ending punishments."

COWPER,

The melancholy poet, over whose beautiful spirit the shadows of despair so long settled, in his lucid moments saw the silver lining to the cloud. In one such hour he must have written his splendid hymn—

> "God moves in a mysterious way
> His wonders to perform."

And surely the "Comforter, which is the Spirit of Truth," must have whispered this passage to his soul:—

"Thus heavenward all things tend. For all were once
Perfect, and *all must be at length restored*—
So God has greatly purposed; who would else
In his dishonored works himself endure
Dishonour, and be wronged without redress."

NOTE.—The reader will see the passage ascribed to Cowper, placed also to the credit of "Festus." I think the former is the author, but am so far from the necessary books while revising the proof that I am unable to decide.

MARY HOWITT,

On the authority of the Rev. A. C. Thomas, is a Universalist. So is William. I remember no distinct passage announcing the sentiment. Woman rarely defends the blasphemous errors of the church. What tender humanities and divine gentleness shine from the pages of Mrs. Hemans' works,—the very soul of Universalism.

CHARLES LAMB.

The good and gentle CHARLES LAMB, the immortal Essayist and Poet, files in his disclaimer. In one passage he embodies the popular idea of Satan, derived from Milton:—

"SABBATHLESS SATAN! he who his unglad
Task ever plies, 'mid rotary burnings,
That round and round incalculably reel,—
For wrath divine hath made him like a wheel,
In that red realm, from which are no returnings,
Where toiling and turmoiling ever and aye,
He and his thoughts keep pensive working day!"

But he thus ignores it:—

LINES COMPOSED AT MIDNIGHT.

. . . . . "On his tedious bed
He writhes, and turns him from the accusing light,
And finds no comfort in the Sun, but says,
'When night comes I shall get a little rest.'
Some few groans more, death comes, and there an end.
'Tis darkness and conjecture all beyond;

Weak nature fears, though charity must hope,
And *fancy, most licentious on such themes,*
Where decent reverence well had kept her mute,
Hath o'erstocked hell with devils, and brought down
By her enormous fablings and mad lies,
Discredit on the gospel's serious truths
And salutary fears. The man of parts,
Poet, or prose declaimer, on his couch
Lolling like one indifferent, *fabricates*
A heaven of gold, where he, and such as he,
Their heads encompassed with crowns, their heels
With fine wings garlanded, shall tread the stars
Beneath their feet, heaven's pavement, *far removed*
From damned spirits, and the torturing cries
Of men, his brethren, fashioned of the earth
As he was, nourished with the self-same bread,
Belike his kindred or companions once,
Through everlasting ages now divorced,
In chains and savage torments to repent
Short years of folly upon earth. Their groans unheard
In heaven, the saint nor pity feels, nor care
For those thus sentenced, *pity might disturb*
The delicate sense and most divine repose
Of spirits angelical. BLESSED BE GOD,
THE MEASURE OF HIS JUDGMENTS IS NOT FIXED,
BY MAN'S ERRONEOUS STANDARD. HE DISCERNS
NO SUCH INORDINATE DIFFERENCE AND VAST
BETWIXT THE SINNER AND THE SAINT, TO DOOM
SUCH DISPROPORTIONED FATES. Compared with him
No man on earth is holy called, they best
Stand in his sight approved, who at his feet
Their little crown of virtue cast, and yield
To him of his own works the praise, his due."

He wrote this language to Coleridge:—

"I read your letters with my sister, and they gave us both abundance of delight, especially they please us, too, when you talk in a religious

strain; not but we are offended occasionally with a certain freedom of expression, a certain air of mysticism, more consonant to the conceits of pagan philosophy than consistent with the humility of genuine piety. To instance now in your last letter, you say, "It is by the press that God hath given finite spirits, both good and evil, [I suppose you mean *simply* bad men and good men,] a portion as it were of his Omnipresence!" Now, high as the human intellect comparatively will soar, and wide as its influence, malign and salutary, can extend, is there not, Coleridge, a distance between the divine mind and it which makes such language blasphemy? Again, in your first fine consolatory epistle, you say, "you are a temporary sharer in human misery that you may be an eternal partaker of the Divine Nature." What more than this do those men say who are for exalting the man Christ Jesus into the second person of an unknown Trinity, men, whom you or I scruple not to call idolators? Man, full of imperfections, at best, and subject to wants which momentarily remind him of dependence; man, a weak and ignorant being, "servile" from his birth "to all the skiey influences," with eyes sometimes open to discern the right path, but a head generally too dizzy to pursue it; man, in the pride of speculation, forgetting his nature, and hailing in himself the future God, must make the angels laugh. Be not angry with me, Coleridge; I wish not to cavil; I know I cannot *instruct* you! I only wish to *remind* you of that humility which best becometh the Christian character. God in the New Testament, *(our best guide)* is represented

to us in the kind, condescending, amiable, familiar light of a *parent;* and in my poor mind 'tis best for us so to consider of him as our *heavenly Father*, and our *best friend*, without indulging too bold conceptions of his nature. Let us learn to think humbly of ourselves, and rejoice in the appellation of "dear children," "brethren," and "co-heirs with Christ of the promises," seeking to know no further." He concludes this epistle with the fervent ejaculation, "God loves us all, and may he continue to be the Father and the friend of the whole human race!"

J. BOWRING,

Author of much of the choicest devotional poetry in the language, sings thus in his "Matins and Vespers:"—

"Thy sun awakes and sets—the world grows old
And is renewed again. The seasons flow
Unchanging in their changes—joy and woe
Reside in turns—and then we are enrolled
Among the slumberers of the grave—but Thou,
To whom past, present, future, are as *now*,
Art still the same—still watching—still intent
On Thy high purpose—from the labyrinth vast
Where good and evil, joy and grief are blent,
In common fate to perfect—and present
A future gathered from the checkered past,
Where *bliss shall* be predominant—and *spread*
Wider and wider—till it shall embrace
All the great family of the human race,
And give a crown of light to every head."

GEORGE CRABBE.

This eminent poet of humble life, though an Episcopalian clergyman, was a Universalist. His heart and head outran his narrow creed. He said, long before his death:—

"We have, it seems, who teach, and doubtless *well*,
Of a chastening, not awarding hell;
Who are assured that an offended God
Will cease to use the thunder and the rod;
A soul on earth, by crime and folly stained,
When here corrected has improvement gained;
In other state still more improved to grow,
And nobler powers in happier world to know;
New strength to use in each divine employ,
And, more enjoying, looking to more joy.

A *pleasing* vision! could we thus be sure
Polluted souls would be at length so pure;
The view is happy, we may think it just,
It may be true— but who shall add it must?
To the plain words and sense of Sacred Writ,
With all my heart I reverently submit;
But where it leaves me doubtful, I'm afraid
To call conjecture to my reason's aid;
Thy thoughts, thy ways, great God! are not as mine,
And to thy MERCY I my soul resign."

Dr. T. Southwood Smith tells us:*

"I have a letter from a son of Crabbe, informing me that my treatise was his father's daily companion in the close of life, and that the poet declared on his death bed, that he had received

*A. C. Thomas' Letters.

more solace from that book than from all other human compositions."

The book referred to is one of the best expositions of Universalism ever written.

J. S. TAYLOR,

In a recent work — Clouds and Sunshine — expresses the prevailing sentiment of Modern Literature :—

"*A.* Well, if it be heresy to receive with reluctance the doctrine of eternal punishments, I must plead guilty to the charge. I know the difficulties of the case, my friends. There *are* texts, certainly, that seem to proclaim that doctrine, with terrible clearness; but I confess, I gladly run away from them, and take refuge in others, that speak a language far more comfortable and encouraging, and far more in accordance, as it appears to me, both with the Creator's omnipotence and goodness. No, no; I cannot believe that God has doomed any creatures of his, in any part of his dominions, to endless misery. That every sin must have its attendant sorrow; that the penalty of every transgression must be paid to the full; that no sophistry or ingenuity can evade that payment; that guilt and wretchedness still abound on earth, and in other worlds, and that they will long continue to impair their beauty and happiness, all these things who will presume to question? But that this sad history is to remain so forever, or that any star in the universe is destined to be the theatre of eternal suffering, or that any being

exists in any part of it, so steeped in guilt and anguish (no, not Satan himself,) as to be beyond the redeeming love or healing power of the Creator, I no more believe it than I do that there is any intellect that can baffle God's wisdom, or any force that can resist his supremacy. Oh, no; on the contrary, I believe that in this mysterious, but divinely ordained conflict of good and evil, the powers of light, are, everywhere, slowly but surely gaining the ascendancy over the powers of darkness, and that it will continue to be so, even unto the perfect day; yes, that perfect day, wherein all these blessed victories over sin and ignorance shall have been consummated, these transformations completed, and no solitary stain of folly, guilt, or grief, be left to mar the lustre of the Universe. But, my friends, I will no farther tax your kindness. Let me then, in conclusion, once more declare my faith in this same doctrine of perfection, unshaken as it is, by all that you have urged against it; alike in that perfection appropriate to earth, to be won and kept by man, in this, the first stage of his schooling, and in that other and inconceivably glorious perfection, that is to be developed in the blessed worlds to come."

JAMES MARTINEAU.

This learned and brilliant man speaks as follows in the Westminster Review for April, 1850:

"In their mismanagement—as ever happens when prophecy is dead and priesthood lives—

Christianity becomes a *threat:* "if you do not use our magic and believe our mysteries, without doubt you shall perish everlastingly." Nor is this the accidental feature of some one school of theology; it is a common character in the teachings of Tractarian and of Evangelical, who may quarrel about the means of grace, but can shake hands over the eternal wrath. From this the whole economy which they profess to administer is nothing but a contrivance for escape. This is the fundamental postulate from which the whole scheme is developed, which dictates all its language, and gives meaning to all its forms. The charming away of this infinite curse is the very problem which the Church proposes to solve, and which is held to justify her existence. She is not there to make good citizens and good men, to give sanctity to the laws of obligation, and hope to sorrow and pure affection; but distinctly to wash out of them a physical poison, and save them from the tortures of an inexhaustible vengeance. And this tremendous end she refuses to accomplish, except on conditions which the wisest may be unable to trust, and the most faithful may scruple to accept. For who can say that goodness may not doubt the sacraments which Clarkson and Elizabeth Fry disowned, and purity of heart reject the dogmas which Arnold and Channing never held? Either what the Church insists on as essential are *not* essentials, and her commission to dispense them comes to nought; or some of the best men and most saintly of women are among the damned. We question whether any one professing such a fable as this, is to be believed upon his own word.

He professes a psychological impossibility. *No man who would hesitate to put Channing on the wheel*, and object to burn Mrs. Fry, feeling that his reluctance comes from a good heart, *can believe that God will do these things on a scale more terrible.*

It requires indeed no great insight into character to discover, that any reality in this eternal curse and penalty has for some time ceased. In proposing to rescue men from it, the Church makes an offer which no one cares to accept. Have our lay readers ever practically met with a person — not under remorse for actual heinous sin, who wanted to be delivered from eternal torment? If ever a man does really apprehend such a thing for himself, and wring his hands and fix his eye in wild despair, how do we deal with him? Do we praise the clearness of his moral diagnosis and the logic of his orthodoxy? do we refer him to the font of baptism, or the keys for absolution? No, we send him to the physician rather than to the priest; we put cold sponges on his head, and bid his friends look after him. Nor does this doctrine any better bear application to the persons around us than to ourselves. If we sometimes act and speak by it, we never feel and rarely think of it. Who ever knew a mother to despair of her unbaptized and departed child? Let it only be considered *what* is the scene, what is the perspective, before her imagination, if she be at once sound and sincere in the faith; and it must be owned that even her most passionate grief never rises to the pitch of such piercing shrieks as she would hurl into the place of unutterable agony. *The whole con-*

duct and demeanor of the very persons who defend this doctrine afford the clearest proof that it is incredible.

The late Dr. Hamilton, of Leeds, wrote a book to prove that beyond the little circle of choice believers, the universe is a vast torture chamber; and yet a merrier laugh, a more exuberant wit, a greater geniality, was rarely ever to be found. The professional hours of his life were spent, like those of some old painters, in coloring lurid pictures of his neighbors clutched by devils, and the world in general swallowing hot pitch; and for the rest of his time he was free to dine with the reprobates and crack his jokes with the damned. No one, who seriously considers the intense inconsistencies involved in such life, can suppose that the theologian really held a faith which the grasp of a friendly hand and the welcome on a familiar face sufficed to dissipate. It is the same throughout the whole class of the sincerest and most faithful Christians. They delude themselves with the mere fancy and image of a belief. The death of a friend who departs from life in heresy affects them precisely in the same way as the loss of another whose creed was unimpeachable; while the theoretic difference is infinite, the practical is virtually nothing, perhaps a sign of acquiescence in the clergyman's official compassion, or a faint desire that it had been otherwise; but not half the distress which had been felt when the same friend had broken his leg and lost his Pennsylvania dividends. What room, indeed, could there be for the business, the amusements, the contents of this world, if it reflected from every

salient point the red light of so horrible a background? Who could spare any attention for the vicissitudes of cotton, and add the price of shares, for the merits of the last opera, and the bets upon the next election, if the actors in these things were really swinging in his eye over such a verge as he affects to see? We would ask any clergyman who reads the Athanasian creed—How can you transact your daily affairs with any peace of mind? Your coat was made by a man who doubts the co-eternity; your grocer thinks the Holy Ghost created; you pay your rent to a landlord who confounds the persons; and your fish-monger divides the substance. If you found any one of those with his house on fire, you would not think it time for prosecuting your business; you see him in a greater peril, and you coolly inquire about sugars or discuss the choice of salmon! The misfortune in this doctrine is in some degree protected by its own monstrous character; which takes it so sheer out of all nature, that it can scarcely be confounded with reality. If we apply to it such tests of experience as would suffice in other cases, we produce results whose startling look distracts the attention from their logical consequentiality; and when we demand from men in simple accordance with their profession, the thing itself is so impossible that we are apt to seem unreasonable, and become charged with the very extravagance which we impute. *It is*, however, *notorious that a large number, even of the clergy, are fully conscious of their unbelief in this doctrine; and among the educated laity, the impression is general that no one, except here*

and there a dull curate or a pugnacious bishop, is sincere in his assent to it. Will it not then be got rid of? Not a bit; the instincts of ecclesiastical cohesion, and the passion for nominal unity, will outweigh all sense of human veracity, and reverence for godly simplicity; and year after year, as sure as the Athanasian festivals come round, thousands of clergymen will solemnly profess, before tens of thousands of assenting people, a creed which is fatal to the heart of all. Depend upon it, the State will wake up to a sense of right and dignity in this matter before the Church; and the honor of politicians grow sensitive to the plot, while yet, the conscience of divines could bear longer shame."

W. M. THACKERAY.

We venture to place this man of genius in our constellation of glorious names. In the absence of other evidence, the following is sufficient authority. Speaking of the genius of CHARLES DICKENS, he says:—

"I recognize in it—I speak it with awe and reverence—a commission from that Divine Beneficence, whose blessed task we know it will one day be to wipe every tear from every eye."

CHARLES DICKENS.

We have already said that the cheerful, sunny, genial spirit of Dickens' works is the soul of our faith. Here is a favorable specimen :—

"It is something even to look upon enjoyment, so that it be free and wild, and in the face of nature, though it is but the enjoyment of an idiot. It is something to know that heaven has left the capacity of gladness in such a creature's breast; it is something to be assured that, however lightly men may crush that faculty in their fellows, the great Creator of mankind imparts it even to his despised and slightest work. Who would not rather see a poor idiot happy in the sunlight, than a wise man pining in jail? *Ye men of gloom and austerity, who paint the face of Infinite Benevolence with an eternal frown,* read in the everlasting book, wide open to your view, the lesson it would teach. Its pictures are not in the black and sombre hues, but bright and glowing tints; its music, save when ye drown it, is not in sighs and groans, but in songs and cheerful sounds. Listen to the million of voices in the summer air, and find one dismal as your own. Remember, if you can, the sense of hope and pleasure which every grand return of day awakens in the breast of all your kind, and learn wisdom even from the witless, when their hearts are lifted up, by all the happiness it brings."

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

The compiler of this volume has so far changed his plan as to throw into this appendix a few passages from the writings of those who have been distinguished advocates of the doctrine of Endless Hell Torments, in order that the ordinary reader may see the beauty of the Truth, when in immediate contrast with the foul deformity of Error. Theological Literature is full of such blasphemy, and the Christian Church has the bad pre-eminence of having given the worst idea of Deity this world has ever seen.

Nowhere, in all the extravagances and delirium of religionists, can we find sentiments in relation to God, at once so low, so base, so sensual, so fiendish, as can be found in Christian Literature. Ransack the lore of Antiquity. Collate from the parchments and books of ancient and modern times, written outside of the pale of Christianity, all the terrible, all the savage ideas you can find, and I will point you to

far worse sentiments, uttered by those who professed to believe that God is Love, but who supposed also that He would consign a portion of his intelligent offspring to never-ending wretchedness and wo. It is lamentable to be compelled to acknowledge that Christians, in their talk of God, and Heaven, and Hell, have, delivered thoughts more abhorrent to every finer feeling of the human heart; more repulsive to every generous soul; more derogatory to the character of God; descriptions of Heaven and Hell more unspiritual and sensual, than can be found among unbelieving heathen. Christian Theology contains, to-day, opinions uttered in language which contain a concentration of blasphemy, and malediction, and execration, which has never yet been equalled. It speaks of the dear God who loves us all, as only Satan can properly be spoken of, were he worse than his heartiest believer ever dreamed;—of the redeemed in Heaven, as more cold-hearted, unfeeling and fiendish than the devils have ever been represented; of the lost, as more cruelly treated than a pirate would treat his worst foe. Who can read such descriptions as the following without emotions of unutterable disgust? It is from BOSTON'S FOURFOLD STATE.

"The lamb of God shall roar as a lion against them; he shall excommunicate and cast them

out from his presence forever by a sentence from the throne, saying, depart from me ye cursed. He shall adjudge them to everlasting fire, and the society of devils forevermore. And this sentence, we suppose, shall be pronounced with an audible voice, by the man Christ. And all the saints shall say: "Hallelujah, true and righteous are thy judgments." None were so compassionate as the saints on earth, during the time of God's patience. But now that time is at an end, their compassion on the ungodly is swallowed up in joy, in the Mediator's glory and his executing of just judgment, by which his enemies are made his footstool. Though sometimes the righteous man did weep in secret places for their pride, and because they would not hear; yet then he shall rejoice when he seeth the vengeance, he shall *wash his feet in the blood of the wicked.* No pity shall be shown them by their nearest relations. The godly wife shall applaud the justice of the judge, in the condemation of her ungodly husband; the godly husband shall say, Amen, to the damnation of her who lay in his bosom; the godly parents shall say, Hallelujah, at the passing of the sentence against their ungodly child; and the godly child shall from his heart approve the damnation of his wicked parents, the father who begat him, and the mother who bore him."

How much do we gain in relinquishing Woden and the Vallalla—in rejecting the barbarities of Mexican idolatry, or the worship of Jug-

gernaut, if we admit such a heaven and such ideals of saintly excellence, as are here seen, and such a God as this? And yet, all these things must occur hereafter, if what is believed is true. The good must hereafter be steeled against all pity, or Heaven would be a realm of despair.

When one of these fairly relishes the common error, how wild and high his blasphemy ascends. It seems as if Total Depravity,—the absolute Evil, was incarnate, and we were listening to its worst words. Says Dr. Jonathan Edwards, the head of modern American Orthodoxy:—

"Every time they [the saints] look upon the damned, it will excite in them a lively and admiring sense of the grace of God in making them so to differ. *The sight of hell torments will exalt the happiness of the saints forever.*"

What a delectable place must Heaven be, and how much meaner and more supremely selfish and cold-hearted must its inhabitants be, than the basest children of earth. The savage Doctor revels in his evil words:—

"The saints will not be sorry for the damned; it will cause no uneasiness or dissatisfaction to them; but on the contrary, when they see the sight, (the endless torments of the damned,) *it will occasion rejoicing, and excite them to joyful praises.*"

Suppose this principle were reduced to practice on earth, and that the saints expressed no regret over the misery of the unregenerate, and rejoiced in their suffering. Would it not prove them hardened, selfish wretches? That such a belief in such a heaven ever existed, is almost a proof of total depravity, for almost no other character could conceive the thought. Similar to the foregoing is the language of Dr. Emmons, another distinguished American theologian:—

"One part of the business of the blessed is to celebrate the doctrine of reprobation. While the decree of reprobation is eternally executing on the vessels of wrath, the smoke of their torments will be eternally ascending in view of the vessels of mercy, who, instead of taking part with those miserable objects, will say, Amen, alleluia, praise the Lord. *It concerns, therefore, all the expectants of heaven to anticipate the trying scene, and ask their hearts whether they are on the Lord's side, and can praise him for reprobating as well as electing love.*"

Rev. Josiah Spalding undertook to assault our holy religion, in a book entitled "Universalism Destroys Itself," in the course of which he says:

"They [the saints] look down and see their own dearest kindred in hell, under all the bitter agonies of death, and they stand unmoved at the sight; they maintain perfect calmness and undis-

turbed joy. They hear the Judge pronounce the final sentence; they see all the wicked sink down to hell, and hell moved with devouring flames to meet them; a sight infinitely more dreadful than the sinking of worlds. *At the same time they begin the triumph song; they see the power of God employed in the most terrible manner, to make their dearest and nearest connexions forever miserable.*"

"And for this display of his power they ascribe unto him blessings and glory and wisdom and thanksgiving. *This consideration, were there no other, is proof that the redeemed in heaven stand complete in holiness. They feel exactly as God feels, according to their measure, as they are filled with all the fullness of God.*"

It is well for us occasionally to resort to these frank old exponents of error, in order to see clearly what is the high enormity of their doctrines. It is very rarely that we hear or read from modern divines, naked statements of their views. Liberal preaching is fashionable, and the prophets prophecy smoothly. They so lard their speech with smooth words, that the unreflecting are deceived into its belief, without perceiving what they embrace. If modern preachers were as outspoken and explicit as the authors I have quoted, popular churches would soon present a "beggarly account of empty boxes." Their sentiments would not be tolerated.

The foregoing language nearly equals that which we have seen ascribed to Dr. Edwards:—

"Reprobate infants are vipers of vengeance, which Jehovah will hold over hell, in the tongs of his wrath, till they turn and spit venom in his face!"

Comment:—"Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

So far as I have been able to read orthodox descriptions of the eternal world, I have found the character of the damned much more amiable than that of the saved. While the wicked utter awful imprecations on their own heads, and on the author of their misfortunes, it is only the good who chuckle and gloat, and scream with rapture over the agonies of others. They are pure and holy, and yet they do what a man would not be guilty of over a vile rat, or venemous snake.

Perhaps Robert Pollok, in his Course of Time, has expatiated on this theme as fully as any writer. To open his book, seems like uncapping the pit. A vivid imagination excited by his words can almost behold the tossings and upheavings and contortions of lost souls writhing in the molten lava of God's infinite wrath. Hear him talk of the "Worm that never dies:"

"Of worm or serpent kind it something looked,
But monstrous, with a thousand snaky heads,

Eyed each with double orbs of glaring wrath;
And with as many tails that twisted out
In horrid revolution, tipp'd with stings;
And all its mouths that wide and darkly gaped,
And breathed most poisonons breath, had each a sting,
Forked, and long and venomous and sharp;
And in its writhings infinite, it grasped
Malignantly what seemed a heart, swollen, black,
And quivering with torture, most intense;
And still the heart, with anguish throbbing high,
Made effort to escape, but could not, for
Howe'er it turned, and oft it vainly turned,
These complicated foldings held it fast.
And still the monstrous beast with sting of head
Or tail, transpierced it, bleeding evermore.
And while I stood, and gazed, and wondered long,
A voice, from whence I knew not, for no one
I saw, distinctly whispered in my ear
These words,—this is the worm that never dies."

And this is the way the merciful God, a Being of Love, is accused of treating sinners. Let us call the fierce wildcat merciful, as it plays with its weak prey, which cannot escape—let us ascribe that quality to the savage tiger, which delights to dally with its victim before lapping its blood, but let us not so misapply terms as to call that being good who would allow such a foul nondescript to tear the human heart forever, as is here represented. But our author gives us the idea of that world where he believed sinners are to be incarcerated forever:—

"Wide was the place,
And deep as wide, and ruinous as deep.
Beneath I saw a lake of burning fire,

With tempests tost perpetually, and still
The waves of fiery darkness 'gainst the rocks
Of dark damnation broke, and music made
Of melancholy sort; and over head,
And all around, wind warred with wind, storm howled
To storm, and lightning forked lightning crossed,
And thunder answered thunder, muttering sound
Of sullen wrath; and far as sight could pierce,
Or down descend in caves of hopeless depth,
Through all that dungeon of unfading fire,
I saw most miserable beings walk,
Burning continually, yet unconsumed;
Forever wasting, yet enduring still;
Dying perpetually, yet never dead.
Some wandered lonely in the desert flames,
And some in fell encounter fiercely met,
With curses loud and blasphemies, that made
The cheek of darkness pale, and as they fought,
And cursed, and gnashed their teeth, and wished to die,
Their hollow eyes did utter streams of wo,
And there were groans that ended not, and sighs
That always sighed, and tears that ever wept,
And ever fell, but not in Mercy's sight.
And Sorrow, and Repentance and Despair
Among them walked, and to their thirsty lips
Presented frequent cups of burning gall.
And as I listened I heard these beings curse
Almighty God, and curse the Lamb, and curse
The Earth, the Resurrection morn, and seek,
And ever vainly seek for utter death.
And to their everlasting anguish still,
The thunders from above responding spoke
These words, which through the caverns of perdition
Forlornly echoing, fell on every ear,—
"Ye knew your duty, but ye did it not."

This is an unvarnished description of that awful world which people all around us believe in,

but talk of with a pleasant smile. No—it does not approach the reality—but it resembles it in some faint degree. This is what our neighbors believe will become of us, though only now and then one is able to describe it so clearly, and he either dies young, as did Pollok, or becomes insane. We are forever to wish to die, and to quench our thirst cups of burning gall are to be presented to our lips. And this by the Being who loves us and sent Jesus to save us!

I might multiply these passages to an indefinite extent, but will only pain you by offering enough to give a faithful idea of the doctrine which has wrought so much mischief, in the language of those who receive it. It is a professed description of the last scene, when the wicked are driven away, into torment:—

"So saying, God grew dark with utter wrath,
And drawing now the sword undrawn before,
Which through the range of infinite all round
A gleam of fiery indignation threw,
He lifted up his hand omnipotent,
And down among the damned the burning edge
Plunged;—and from his arrowy quiver sent
Emptied, the seven last thunders ruinous,—
Which, entering, withered all their souls with fire.
Then first was vengeance, first was ruin seen,
Red, unrestrained, vindictive, final, fierce.
They howling fled to rest among the dark;
But fled not there the terrors of the Lord:
Pursued and driven beyond the gulf which frowns

Impassable between the good and bad
And downward, far remote to left, oppressed
And scorched with the avenging fires, begun
Burning within them, they upon the verge
Of Erebus a moment pausing stood,
And saw below the unfathomable lake,
Tossing with tides of dark, tempestuous wrath,—
And would have looked behind; but greater wrath
Behind forbade, which now no respite gave
To final misery: God in the grasp
Of his Almighty strength, took them upraised,
And threw them down into the yawning pit
Of bottomless perdition, ruined, damned.
Fast bound in chains of darkness evermore.
And second death, and the undying worm,
Opening their horrid jaws with hideous yell,
Falling, received their everlasting prey.
A groan returned, as down they sunk, and sunk,
And ever sunk, among the utter dark.
A groan returned—the righteous heard the groan,
The groan of all the reprobate, when first
They felt damnation sure, and heard hell close!
And heard Jehovah and his love retire!
A groan returned, the righteous heard the groan!
As if all misery, all sorrow, grief,
All pain, all anguish, all despair, which all
Have suffered, or shall feel from first to last
Eternity, had gathered to one pang,
And issued in one groan of boundless wo!
And now the wall of Hell, the outer wall,
First gateless then, closed round them, * *
* * * of fiery adamant, emblazed
With hideous imagery, above all hope,
Above all flight of fancy, burning high;
And guarded evermore by justice turned
To wrath, that hears, unmoved, the endless groan
Of those, wasting within; and sees, unmoved,
The endless tear of vain repentance fall.
Nor ask if these shall ever be redeemed—
They never shall."

From this last specimen we learn that the righteous are to know of the condition of the wicked, and that their awful groans are to reach their delighted ears. Happy condition. Even soldiers, mad with war, cannot fight unless the groans of their dying enemies are drowned with martial music, and we are taught that the redeemed are so hardened with diabolical selfishness, that they take delight in the endless groaning of untold millions who never harmed them. Oh, what will not men believe and teach—what wicked absurdity, if it is only labelled Religion!

Dr. Trapp, an infernal poet, sings in discordant, and no less false strains, the details of the world of wo:—

"Meanwhile, as if but light were all these pains,
Legions of devils, bound themselves, in chains,
Tormented, and tormenters, o'er them shake
Thongs, and forked iron, in the burning lake:
Belching infernal flames, and wreathed with spires
Of curling serpents rouse the brimstone fires,
With whips of fiery scorpions, scourge their slaves,
And in their faces dash the livid waves."

He tells us that there are heard—

"Clattering of iron, and the clank of chains;
The clang of lashing whips: shrill shrieks and groans,
Loud, ceaseless howlings, cries and piercing moans."

We may see what a licentious imagination will beget, when once it is unbridled. Bishop JEREMY TAYLOR has revealed to us all the minutiæ of Hell Torments. Let the reader see how his deformed conceptions differ from the glorious truths of Christianity:—

"The *smell* shall also be tormented with the most pestilential stink. Horrible was that torment used by Mezentius, to tie a living body to a dead, and then to leave them *until* the infection and putrified exhalations of the dead had killed the living. What can be more abominable than for a living man to have his mouth laid close to that of a dead one, full of grubs and worms, where the living must receive all those pestilential vapors breathed forth from a corrupt carcase, and suffer such loathsomeness and abominable stink? But what is this in respect to hell, when each body of the damned is more loathesome and unsavory than a million of dead dogs, and all these pressed and crowded together in so strait a compass? Bonaventure goes so far us to say that if only one of the damned were brought into this world, it were sufficient to infect the whole earth. Neither shall the devils send forth a better smell. . . . . Hell is the world's sink, and the receptacle of all the filth in this great frame, and withal a deep dungeon where the air hath no access. How great must the stink and infection needs be of so many corruptions heaped one upon another! and how nsufferable the smell of that infernal brimstone

mixed with so many corrupted matters! O gulf of horror! O infernal grave! without vent or breathing place! Eternal grave of such as die continually and cannot die, with what abominable filth art thou filled!

"The *hearing* shall not only be afflicted by an intolerable pain, caused by that ever-burning and penetrating fire, but also with the fearful and amazing noises of thunders, howlings, clamors, groans, curses and blasphemies. . . . What shall be the harmony of hell, where the ears shall be deafened with the cries and complaints of the damned! What confusion and horror shall it breed to hear all lament, all complain, all curse and blaspheme, through the bitterness of the torments which they suffer! But the damned shall principally be affirighted, and shall quake, to hear the thunder-clap of God's wrath, which shall continually resound in their ears.

"What then shall I say of the *tongue*, which is the instrument of so many ways of sinning, flattery, lying, murmuring, calumniating, gluttony and drunkeness! Who can express that bitterness which the damned shall suffer, greater than that of aloes and wormwood? The Scripture tells us, the gall of dragons shall be their wine; and they shall taste the poison of asps to all eternity, unto which shall be joined an intolerable thirst, and dog-like hunger. . . . Famine is the most pressing of all necessities, and most deformed of all evils: plagues and wars are happiness in respect to it. If hunger be so terrible a mischief in this life, how will it afflict

the damned in the other! Without all doubt, the damned would rather tear themselves in pieces than suffer it, all the most horrible famines that Scripture histories propose unto us, are but weak pictures to that which the damned suffer in this unfortunate residence of eternal miseries, neither shall thirst torment them the less.

"As the slaves of the earth are whipped and punished by their masters, so the slaves of hell are tormented by the devils who have power and dominion over them; and who lay upon them a thousand afflictions, griefs and miseries. Every member of their bodies shall suffer more pain and torment than if it were torn from the body. If one cannot tell how to suffer a tooth-ache, head-ache, or pain of the colic, what will it be, when there shall not be any joint, or the least part of the body, which shall not cause him an intolerable pain: Not only the head, or teeth, but also the breasts, sides, shoulders, the back, the heart and marrow."

What is the language of the eminent French divine, SAURIN, when contemplating this theory of God's dealings? Was he satisfied with the river of God's pleasure? He says:—

"I sink! I sink under the awful weight of my subject; and I declare, when I see my friends, my relations, the people of my charge, this whole congregation; when I think that I, that you, that we are all threatened with these torments; when I see in the lukewarmness of my devo-

tions, in the languor of my love, in the levity of my resolutions and designs, the least evidence, though it be only presumptive, of my future misery, yet I find in the thought *a mortal poison*, which diffuseth into every period of my life, rendering *society tiresome*, *nourishment insipid*, *pleasure disgustful*, and LIFE ITSELF A CRUEL BITTER.

I cease to wonder that the fear of Hell hath made some mad, and others melancholy."

Living among us, the most eminent Orthodox divine of modern times, is Rev. ALBERT BARNES. He describes the awful error, and states its effect on his own mind:—

"That the immortal mind should be allowed to jeopard its infinite welfare, and that trifles should be allowed to draw it away from God, and virtue, and heaven;—that any should suffer forever—lingering on in hopeless despair, and rolling amidst infinite torments without the possibility of alleviation and without end;—that since God *can* save men, and *will* save a part, he has not purposed to save *all*;—that on the supposition that the atonement is ample, and that the blood of Christ can cleanse from all and every sin, it is not in fact applied to all;—that, in a word, a God, who claims to be worthy the confidence of a universe, and to be a being of infinite benevolence, should make such a world as this—full of sinners and sufferers; and that when an atonement had been made, he did not

save *all* the race, and put an end to sin and woe forever. . . . . I have read, to some extent, what wise and good men have written. I have looked at their theories and explanations—I have endeavored to weigh their arguments,—for my whole soul pants for light and relief on these questions. But I get neither; and *in the distress and anguish of my own spirit*, I confess that I see no light whatever—I see not one ray to disclose to me the reason why sin came into the world; why the earth is strewed with the dying and the dead, and why man should suffer to all eternity. I have never seen a particle of light thrown on these subjects that has given *a moment's ease to my tortured mind*, nor have I an explanation to offer, or a thought to suggest, which would be of relief to you. I trust other men—as they profess to do—understand this better than I do, and that they have not the ANGUISH OF SPIRIT which I have; but I confess when I look on a world of sinners, and of sufferers; upon death beds and grave yards; upon the world of woe filled with hearts to suffer forever: when I see my friends, my parents, my family, my people, and my fellow citizens—when I look upon a whole race, all involved in this sin and danger, and when I see the great mass of them wholly unconcerned, and when I feel that God can only save them, and yet he does not do it, I am struck dumb. It is all dark—dark—dark to my soul—and I cannot disguise it."

Here is the sort of preaching which used to be heard about the year 1770. It is extracted

from Patten's Sermons to the Young, delivered in Enfield, Mass.

"My fellow youth, it is a matter of sore lamentation, that the most of you appear to live without God in the world! Well may the Lord say, Hear, O heavens, and give ear, O earth. I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against me. It is apparently the character of the most of you, that you are utter strangers to that important change of regeneration, that our Saviour expressly insisted upon; and if you die in this unregenerate state, you must be forever excluded from the blessings of his kingdom. O, how dreadful will that be! Now you are the mark that God has set up, and all his woes are pointed at you! not one promise for you! but God is everywhere threatening to destroy you; his patience is only waiting on you, a little while, to see if you will repent and turn unto him; but if you turn not speedily, he will soon begin to execute his fierce wrath upon you, as he has done upon many who were less sinners than you; they are now roaring in hell; and expect, every moment, when you will come to join their miserable number, that you may mutually enhance each other's torments. But tell me, tell me, O my young friends, can you dwell with devouring fire? Can you dwell with everlasting burnings? Can you make your bed in hell? Can you lie down in the lake that burns with fire and brimstone, and be wrapped in sheets of flame? Can you drink the cup of

Jehovah's wrath? Can you endure the eternal storm of his vengeance? Can you howl and roar with devils to all eternity? Surely, if you die unregenerate, you must. This shall ye have at my hand, saith the Lord, ye shall lie down in sorrow. And what kind of sorrows will these be? No sorrows like the sorrows of the damned, who sorrow without hope. There God will pour out the full vials of his wrath upon you; but what will this wrath be? It will be the wrath of Almighty God; such wrath as an Omnipotent Jehovah is able to inflict! Think, O think, what was his wrath upon the old world,—upon Sodom—upon Egypt—upon the troops of Korah—upon Dathan and Abiram? And what was his wrath upon his own Son, for your sakes? And what do you think it will be upon you who despise and crucify afresh the dear Lamb of God? Is not the Lord saying to you, as he did to sinners of old, I will tread you in mine anger, and trample you in my fury, and your blood shall be sprinkled upon my garments, and I will stain all my raiment? To you, he says, Can thine heart endure, or thine hands be strong, in the days that I shall deal with thee? If I whet my glittering sword, and mine hand take hold on judgment, I will render vengeance to mine enemies, and reward them that hate me.

O sinners, what will you do in the hour of death, that you have made no preparation for? How will you be able to meet the king of terrors? How will you quake when devils, like lions, shall be seen to fall upon your guilty souls, and drag them down to hell? O, whither can

you fly? God says, if they dig into hell, thence shall my hand take them, though they climb up to heaven, thence will I bring them down, and though they hide themselves in the tops of Carmel, I will search and take them out thence; and though they be hid from my sight in the bottom of the sea, thence will I command the serpent, and he shall bite them.

Think, O my young friends, think of this awful scene; how dreadful will it be for you in the general judgment! When the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with his mighty angels, in flaming fire, taking vengeance on you that obey not the gospels, who must be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of his power. Then wrath shall go forth, like lightning from the presence of the Almighty, and blast his enemies to destruction; and the immense glory of his power shall be displayed in the ruins.

How will you tremble when that meek and compassionate Lamb of God, whom you have rejected, shall say to his angels, Bring hither those mine enemies, and slay them before me! What amazing horror will seize you, when this enthroned Judge shall say, Hence! Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels! How will you wail, and lament, to see the dear saints ascending on high to the mansions of bliss, but yourselves descending down to the fiery coasts of hell, there to spend a long and endless eternity, in cursing that folly that now despises this rebuke.

O, methinks I shall hear one and another pray that never prayed before, saying, Come, O ye mountains and rocks, fall on us, and hide us from the face of Him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb, for the great day of his wrath is come.

O ye saints, methinks I hear some of you lamenting over these poor souls, saying, Alas, alas, what shall be done? We live in a perishing world; thousands around us, and most of our precious youth, seem to be going to destruction. And when we warn them of it, we seem as men that mock—they are going down to endless ruin! and we cannot stop them; they will not be stopped! We have exerted all our powers, but they will not hear us,—we have called, and are weary,—all our attempts are in vain, if God does not help. O, how shall we give up our dear friends whom we see traveling in the downward road? O, that we could die for them, as Christ died for us! If it were possible, we would venture after them, down to the gates of hell to prevent their ruin. We have prayed for them! We have counseled them! We have pleaded with them! We have wept over them! Our eyes have run down with waters; and we could yet weep rivers of tears for them! O, the worth of their immortal souls! It is their all! And what will it be for these souls to be lost! O, dear hearts, how can we endure to see you roaring in these flames, and the devils tormenting you! but God will enable us to do it, and if you perish, we shall glorify him to all eternity, and sing sweet hallelujahs in your damnation.

But has nothing been done to rescue these immortal souls? Yes, much, infinitely much, has been done! The dear Lamb of God has been slain! but they will not accept of him! Christ sheds his richest blood for them! He weeps over them! He groans in agony for them! He holds forth the arms of his mercy to receive them; but, Lord, they will not come! O, shall nothing, shall nothing but the sight of ruin and the outcries of the damned, awaken their consciences! Shall nothing but hell's hottest flame melt their hard hearts! O, blessed Jesus, may thy mercy, even thy mercy, that has reached us, thy most unworthy creatures, reach them also!'

Now, precious youth, can you hear these lamentations of God's people over you, and yet make no lamentations over yourselves? Ye say, why need we be so much concerned about you? But I say,—how can ye be so little concerned about yourselves? Are your souls of no consequence? Will you damn them for a little pleasure? What good do you think past pleasure will do you, when God shall throw your soul and body into hell? Though you sleep in security, yet your damnation slumbereth not.

May God by his Spirit quicken you, and enable you to fly immediately to Jesus Christ, who is an all-sufficient Saviour!"

Here is a delectable morsel from the great Dagon of modern Error, JONATHAN EDWARDS. To read it is to reject the theory on which it is based, and to abhor the caricature of God which it embodies:—

"If you continue God's enemy unto death, you will always be his enemy. And after death, your enmity will have no restraint, but it will break out and have no control. When you come to be a fire-brand of hell, you will be a fire-brand in two respects, viz., as you will be all on fire, full of the fire of God's wrath; and also as you will be all in a blaze with spite and malice towards God. You will be as full of the fire of malice, as you will of the fire of divine vengeance; and both will make you full of torment. Then you will appear as you are, a viper indeed. You are now a viper, but under great disguise; a wolf in sheep's clothing; but then your mask shall be pulled off; you shall lose your garments and walk naked. Rev. xvi. 15. Then will you, as a serpent, spit poison at God, and vent your rage and malice in fearful blasphemies. Out of that mouth, out of which when you open it will proceed flames, will also proceed dreadful blasphemies against God. That same tongue, to cool which you will wish for a drop of water, will be eternally employed in cursing and blaspheming God and Christ."

And here is another passage, sufficient to cause the mind of any reader to say, Either God is an Infinite Devil, or he will not allow of this:

"How dismal will it be when you are under these racking torments, to know, assuredly, that you never, never shall be delivered from them; to have no hope. When you shall wish that you

might be turned into nothing, but shall have no hope of it; when you shall wish you might be turned into a toad or serpent, but shall have no hope of it; when you would rejoice if you might have any relief after you have endured these torments millions of ages, but shall have no hope of it; when you have worn out the ages of the sun, moon and stars, in your dolorous groans and lamentations; without rest, day or night, or one minute's ease, yet you shall have no hope of ever being delivered; when after you have worn out a thousand more such ages, yet you shall have no hope, but shall know that you are not one whit nearer the end of your torments; but that still there are the same groans, the same shrieks, the same doleful cries incessantly to be made by you, and that the smoke of your torment shall still ascend forever and ever; and that your souls, which have been agitated by the wrath of God all this while, will yet exist, to bear more wrath; your bodies, which have been roasting all this while in these glowing flames, yet shall not have been consumed, but will be made to roast through an eternity yet, which shall not have been at all shortened by what shall have been passed."

Reader: we could easily continue these extracts to any extent, but we gladly forbear, and turn away from them with disgust. The Literature of Christianity has overflowed with such gross sentiments and horrible language, slandering Deity, outraging Reason, libelling Scripture,

and causing most sad response from the suicide's grave, the insane retreat, the melancholy soul and the broken heart of Despair. Such have been the ghastly trophies of conquest which this great Juggernaut car of Error has left to mark the track of its ponderous wheels. Let us thank God that it has at length been tried in the balance, and that men are no longer to be cursed by its atrocities.

Compare the dark syllables which have been penned by those who saw most vividly the falsehoods they proclaimed, with the golden sentences recorded by the children of a better inspiration, and ask yourself, Which ideas are worthiest God, the conduct of Deity, and the sanction of the human intellect and the human heart?

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